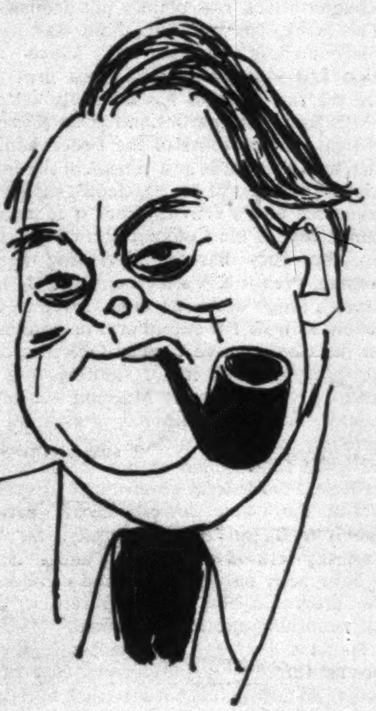
New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXI · No. 1580 FRIDAY · 23 JUNE 1961 NINEPENCE



FRANCIS WILLIAMS
on the American Press

★

TURBULENT BISHOP
Profile of Dr Stockwood

★

A. ALVAREZ
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R. H. S. CROSSMAN
DAVID DREW
ANNABEL FARJEON
NAOMI MITCHISON
V. S. PRITCHETT
CLANCY SIGAL
DAVID SYLVESTER

Sentenced for Life

When Mr Justice Sachs this week sentenced Arthur Albert Jones to 'life' imprisonment beginning *after* he had completed his current sentence of 14 years for a previous child-rape, he was in effect drawing attention to a difficulty in which trial judges evidently feel they are placed.

What is a suitable sentence for dangerous, non-capital murderers, now that the Home Office terminates 'life' sentences after an average of nine years? There is indeed growing evidence that a number of enlightened judges are deterred from openly advocating the abolition of capital punishment by their fear of the consequence, on public opinion as well as public safety, if the compulsive killer is likely to be released after a relatively short term of imprisonment.

It should not of course be assumed that a bestial killer like Jones could expect release, even under the present dispensation, after a mere nine years. That average figure is arrived at by including all the varieties of technical murder which neither attract, nor are usually thought to deserve, exceptionally long sentences. Still, the trend towards shortening the life sentence is well – and rightly – established in our penal practice; and though it is a progressive trend, the judges have some justification for feeling that the present situation is unsatisfactory. Certainly it looks unsatisfactory to the public.

In reality the problem is not as big as it seems. Murder is essentially an amateur crime. It tends to be committed, that is, by men and women who commit it once under some extraordinary pressure or provocation, or without meaning to kill, and who will never come near to committing it again. Such murderers can be, and often are, reclaimed as good citizens.

The majority of convicted murderers who are not executed do not again fall foul of the law. Only an infinitesimally small proportion ever again get mixed up with violence: in Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland together, a total of six convicted murderers in the last 30 years have committed a crime of violence (not murder) after release. Murderers whose behaviour does not fall into this pattern are in most instances mentally deranged and should in any case be detained for treatment until they are medically fit to live again among their fellow men.

Nevertheless, it is common ground that there will always be a small number of killers – no more than one or two a year – who are not certifiable (or at any rate remain uncertified) and who are likely to be a continuing danger. These must be detained in prison for long periods, occasionally for the remainder of their lives. And as the law stands, they can be: no one supposes that Straffen, the crazy child-killer who ought to be in Broadmoor but is in jail, will ever be released. And the same treatment can be meted out to any other murderer who shows himself beyond reform. It is equally important for the public to be aware that the tiny handful of permanently dangerous killers can be detained indefinitely as to understand that the average murderer can be released with safety to the public after an average sentence.

The danger is that confusion on this point may lead to increasing judicial pressure to give the trial judge sole responsibility for fixing the length of sentence to be served. But nothing in the record of the Bench of Judges suggests that their collective patience, wisdom or understanding of their fellow men fits them for this highly specialised responsibility: the purposeless and inhumane sentence of 42 years on the spy George Blake illustrates how capriciously and unscientifically even the wisest judges approach this part of their duty. What matters most is that 'life' sentences shall be regularly reviewed as circumstances change. The safety of the public must come first. But it is equally important to a civilised society that justice is tempered with mercy and that no man shall be allowed to rot in jail once he has succeeded in making himself fit for freedom.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Mr Macleod's Escape

ANTHONY HOWARD

'Tory MPs', we were enabled to read in our *Daily Mails* on Monday, 'have completely misread the situation.' Nor were they the only people to do so. By now it seems clear that Mr Iain Macleod has successfully repulsed the serious infiltrating attack that was made upon him and the Colonial Office; but whether he has gained any outright victory remains problematic – and will do so even long after the Colonial Secretary's Commons statement. For though Mr Macleod may have won at least part of the battle in London, he could yet lose the war in Lusaka if the line is not held there. Superficially, of course, all now seems to be well. The Colonial Secretary has not resigned; the Governor is speeding back to Northern Rhodesia; and both Mr Kenneth Kaunda and Sir John Moffatt have been made to look to the outside world as if they had wasted their air fares.

Yet such an impression – eagerly canvassed under the title 'The Crisis That Never Was' – leaves out of account the fact that there were some pretty elaborate manoeuvrings, and that Mr Macleod came very near to walking into a trap. It is worth recalling that it was precisely this issue of representation in the Northern Rhodesian legislature that provided last February the flash-point for that sudden outbreak of unrest on the government back benches. On that occasion the Tory knights, who so bravely mounted their chargers, were at least able to give a gay, if ineffective, wave to their supporters in the constituencies. This time they fell off before they had even got started. It is, however, easy to see what the plan was. In some circles of the Tory Party Mr Duncan Sandys has for the past few weeks been cast in the role of a gallant Galahad rushing heroically to rescue the still-maidenly Central African Federation from an early death. His visit three weeks ago to Salisbury – with yet another scheme in his pocket designed to save the day – seemed to confirm that not only did he fill the bill, but actually enjoyed the role.

Men like Sir Robin Turton (the ancestral member for Thirsk) became unstinting in their praise for Mr Sandys – and unmerciful in their comparisons between him and Mr Macleod. Finally last week-end it seemed as if these two men – the Commonwealth Relations Secretary and the Colonial Secretary – had been satisfactorily forced into open combat: Mr Duncan Sandys naturally enough wished to preserve his Southern Rhodesian settlement and to enable Sir Edgar Whitehead to get it ratified in the referendum on 26 July, whereas Mr Macleod could scarcely be expected to sacrifice his hard-won and finely balanced Lancaster House solution for Northern Rhodesia merely to please Sir Roy Welensky – or, for that matter, Mr Sandys.

When the clash came, it was strangely muffled: no sooner was Mr Macleod predicted to be entirely vanquished than he emerged virtually victorious – with almost all the Cabinet protesting loudly that they had agreed with him all along. On the latter point one may take one's leave to doubt: it is not, after all, every morning of the year that colonial governors have the opportunity – as Sir Evelyn Hone did on Monday – of putting their case to six senior Cabinet ministers at once. But about the first point – the way Mr Macleod turned the tables – there can be no dispute. Few political *coups* can have proved more rapidly abortive than that which was so carefully constructed to bring the Colonial Secretary down this week.

Why did it go wrong? Certainly there is no reason to believe that Mr Macleod's young squires were telling untruths – or even deceiving themselves – when at the week-end they wrung their hands and confessed dejectedly that, in the Cabinet, their lord and master was 'completely isolated'. So perhaps he may have been – with one not untrifling exception: Mr Macmillan, as the ball went back and forth, must surely have had always present in his mind the reflection that without the support of Mr Macleod's young men he would – so far as the Common Market was concerned – be left crying 'wee wee wee' all the way home.

Mr Macleod, however, clearly had other more immediate allies besides the Prime Minister's immortal longings. Those close to him have not doubted for a second that, throughout the controversy, he and the Governor of Northern Rhodesia have stood absolutely together. They shared the view that their present credit was pledged up to the hilt to the African leaders, and each made it abundantly plain that he was not prepared to look another African politician in the eye if he did not get his way. The government could conceivably have survived the resignation of either the Governor or the Colonial Secretary; but the threat of the simultaneous resignation of both was a trick that even Mr Macleod's most implacable opponent could not trump.

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Going Abroad?

Readers holiday-making in Italy and other parts of the Continent this summer should find copies of the NEW STATESMAN *at foreign-newspaper kiosks in most of the main centres. If you will be off the beaten track we will post your copy to you; simply send us your address and 1s. per copy.*

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1

So it was that the Colonial Secretary won through and that the brooms so speedily came out to sweep the dust away. But it would be foolish to suppose that everything can be as before. There can be no doubt, for example, that the most unbeautiful relation in the Conservative party will from now on be that between Mr Macleod and Mr Sandys. And although it was not necessary for Mr Macleod to do on this occasion what he did in March (shortly after Sir Roy Welensky had addressed the 1922 Committee) – summon through his PPS all his bright-eyed admirers to a succouring and sustaining cocktail party at his home in Enfield – the order to counter-attack was plainly put around.

This week, for instance, there was heavy verbal shelling directed at Voice and Vision Ltd – the public relations firm that since the last election has carefully selected 36 MPs from both parties and given them the full treatment on tours of the Federation. So bitter were the words and vehement the indignation on the part of Mr Macleod's supporters against the firm's activities that it is possible to think that, if the Colonial Secretary has his way, the Tory Party's advertising agency (Colman, Prentis & Varley) may shortly have to face a tough decision: either sever its connection with its PR subsidiary, or consent to lose the Conservative Central Office account. Nor probably was it for nothing that the secret came out that Mr Macleod – who has resented more than he has shown all the seemingly deliberate attacks on his integrity and good faith – had at one stage actually challenged the federal government to agree to publish the whole correspondence between himself and Sir Roy Welensky. Sir Roy Welensky refused the request, and it is said to have been only Mr Macleod's colleagues who prevented him, after the refusal, from still publishing and being damned.

Then, of course – as a further legacy left for the future – is the curious case of Mr Butler. As always it is hard to track him down. And perhaps the safest thing to say is that his belated but spirited affirmation that he had given his full endorsement to Mr Macleod's stand all along has left the Colonial Secretary's henchmen singularly unimpressed.

Poor Mr Butler. He has latterly grown so transparent that it is hard to believe that as a politician of substance he any longer exists at all. For a year and more he has been courting the Right, and that love-match still appears to be entirely one-sided. Yet perhaps the significant thing about Mr Butler's recent behaviour – and especially his week-end speech to the Conservative teachers in which he endearingly announced that curbs on immigration would not be introduced on grounds of 'colour prejudice *alone*' – is that he does seem finally to have acknowledged that he has lost the leadership of the progressive wing of the Conservative party to his former protégé, Mr Macleod.

That by itself is a not inconsiderable factor in the situation: Mr Butler – with his determination never to be caught rooted to any particular spot – served for years as a safety-valve for back-bench tensions. He was not on one side or the other; he was on all sides at once. The same after this week can plainly not be said about Mr Macleod. The young men, whom Mr Butler used to take for imaginary little walks in the wilderness and then suddenly lose them, now know that they have a much more decisive leader and one who has never been in any doubt about where he wants to go.

Comments on the Week's News

Cold War

Summer Manoeuvres

Mr Krushchev's personal report on the Vienna meeting added little to the formal statements now published by the Russians and the Americans. The form in which he dealt with the Berlin issue suggests that he considers precise details of any settlement to be still open to protracted negotiation (even formal recognition of the DDR by the West is not specifically included), but that he insists on negotiation of some kind before the end of this year. In short, Berlin is once again to be used as an instrument for forcing the western powers to face the realities of the balance of strength. While Krushchev would undoubtedly like to 'regularise' the situation in Berlin and to underpin the East German regime as a desirable objective in itself (on Wednesday he insisted that he will sign a treaty with the DDR before the end of the year), this is probably subordinate to his larger design.

That, as all the evidence since the Vienna meeting confirms, is to persuade the Americans that the *status quo* established during the period of US military supremacy cannot be sustained. With parity between Russia and the US in nuclear striking power, the growing strength of the Communist countries and the advance of the colonial revolution has tended to put western diplomacy on the defensive. Krushchev can exploit this change of balance in two ways – by continuous pressure at the points of western weakness, with the risk attached that Laos, Viet Nam, Berlin, Persia or Cuba may be the flash-point of global war, or by negotiating the recognition of some sort of new stability which takes account of the new power relation. The first method may, in Krushchev's eyes, be the means of achieving the second.

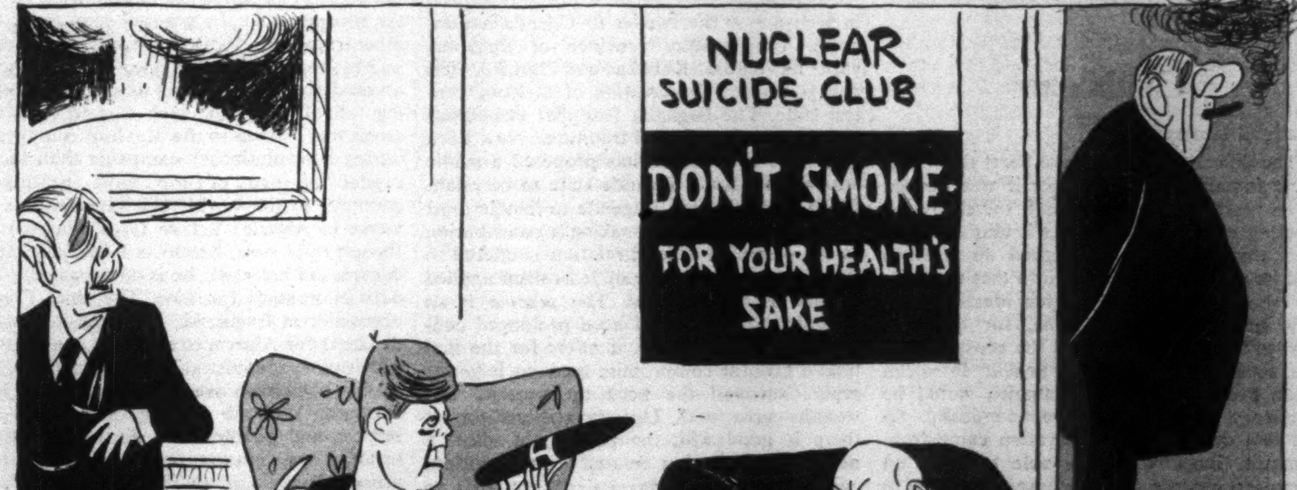
This is probably why he is prepared to exploit each crisis to make his point; and in his new slogan of the Troika he has indicated the kind of international system which the Russians would accept as a regulator of great power tensions. It is clearly much less acceptable to the West than the present form of the United Nations: indeed its acceptance would mark the end of the supra-national ideal of the UN which burnt so brightly in 1945 and which even as recently as the Congo operation seemed to represent the first small step in the direction of world government. But, regrettably, the choice is not between the United Nations as it is and a United Nations administered as Krushchev wishes, by a rule of three with an in-built Soviet veto. If the West refuses to take Krushchev's proposals seriously, he may well prove strong enough diplomatically to retaliate by reducing the UN over a comparatively short period to no more than a collection of western states and pro-western neutrals. If the Communist states collectively and finally refused to collaborate with the UN, it could scarcely command continuing support from the non-aligned neutrals.

This is the difficult and unpleasing prospect before the West, and it is evident that the Americans have barely begun to comprehend it, let alone to consider its implications in all future negotiations with the Russians. Nor has comprehension been made easier for them by the cynical manner in which the Russians have blocked the nuclear test talks in Geneva. As soon as it became clear that President Kennedy was willing to sign a treaty banning tests, Krushchev seems to have concluded that it would be tactically valuable to link this with the demand for general disarmament and for control by troika. But the degree of cynicism in this decision can be measured only by comparing it with the passion with which Communists all over the world once insisted that the poisoning of the world's atmosphere was a matter of such immediate importance that it could be settled separately and quickly, irrespective of all other issues in the Cold War.

Northern Rhodesia

Peace or War

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: As we go to press it is still not certain when Mr Macleod will make his statement on the Northern Rhodesian constitution. But the issues involved in it can now be clarified. The original White Paper proposed a council of 45 members: 15 from the upper roll of mainly white voters; 15 from a lower roll of Africans; and 15 National seats elected by both rolls with equal weight given to each. Kenneth Kaunda, moderate African leader promised to try to persuade his followers to accept this as an instalment of his claim for 'one man, one vote' and full democracy. His promise was the more courageous in face of



'*Serves* YOU *right if* I *start again!*'

the fact that even the Monckton Commission had recommended an African majority for Northern Rhodesia.

Macleod and Kaunda had achieved remarkable success in holding African opinion behind this evolutionary policy until Duncan Sandys visited Southern Rhodesia three weeks ago. During his visit the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, Sir Evelyn Hone, was called to Salisbury and was shown an amended plan by Sandys. This new proposal reduced the number of National seats to five, giving the ten remaining equally to the African and European electors. At the same time the election of the National members was to be weighted 60-40 in favour of the European voters. This plan completely frustrated the attempt made previously to get away from racial politics. It would have reduced non-racial representation to an insignificant five members in a council of 45, given the minority of whites continued special influence over the non-racial members, and allowed Sir Roy Welensky's United Federal Party the opportunity to resume power if they could pick up a minimum of three seats between the African and National constituencies.

After bitter in-fighting in London, Macleod has successfully resisted the proposal to weight the National voting in favour of the whites. It is still not clear whether he has been equally successful in defending his principle of equal representation for Africans, Europeans and non-racialism. If he has not, the whole foundations of his settlement will crumble. No African leader can be expected to survive if he tries to sell his people a constitution which continues white supremacy and frustrates progress towards majority government. If Britain were to back the Sandys-Welensky alliance on this, it would spoil any prospect of racial peace in Central Africa.

Caribbean

Strained Federation

The difficulties which have beset the infant West Indian Federation since it was formed three years ago have not been solved by the London conference. The fact is that from the start this federation was based on idealism and its peoples quickly ran into that necessity for short-term sacrifice which idealism usually entails. The Jamaicans, for example, always knew that, although the prosperity of the smaller islands might benefit Jamaican trade eventually, at first Jamaica would be necessary to carry them economically. So the first doubts about federation came from Jamaica. Bustamante was able to work on Jamaican chauvinism to arouse opposition to Norman Manley's support for the federal scheme. He was aided by the fact that Jamaican self-government enabled Jamaica, if its government so wanted, to build up an industrial structure behind tariff barriers. Thus, even Mr Manley became nervous that federal taxation would destroy Jamaican industrial gains. Jamaica has still to declare in a referendum whether she will remain a member of the federal state. Although the London conference agreed that 31 May next will be independence day for the Federation, Jamaican secession would alter the whole prospect. And at the London conference Mr Manley was careful not to surrender his power to prevent the federal government from collecting its revenue at Jamaica's expense.

The other outstanding problem is freedom of movement between the islands. If the present barriers to movement were dropped, many people from the small islands would flock to Trinidad, where there are jobs. Trinidad's economy, though the most flourishing, could not stand this sudden strain.

The federal idea is thus still accepted in principle, and everyone hopes it will be possible to create a new independent member of the Commonwealth out of it next year. But the practical strains are still there. Much depends on the Jamaicans voting for continued membership, which will give Manley more flexibility of manoeuvre. The smaller islands will also have to reconcile themselves to a lesser place than they envisaged. Most of all depends on Britain retaining the open door to immigrants. Manley, Eric Williams from Trinidad, and Grantley Adams, the Federal Prime Minister, are all playing their part in trying to cut down emigration and have begun to look for possibilities in Africa also. But if, as is threatened, the British government introduces restrictive legislation, the economic and social structure of the West Indies will explode and any hope of a peaceful evolution to Commonwealth membership will be totally destroyed.

Uganda

Hopeful Opportunity

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: In the week when East African leaders are conferring with Mr Macleod on the possibilities of building an East African federal state, a new prospect of harmony should be offered to Uganda. One of the stumbling blocks to association between the East African states – the other is political tension in Kenya – is the barrier to Uganda nationhood. The wealthy province of Buganda, with its feudal Kabaka and Lukiko, has always resisted the creation of a strong central state. The Baganda fear that democracy will destroy their feudal traditions. Now Lord Munster's commission has proposed a subtle scheme to allow a Uganda state to be established, while leaving Buganda to handle most of its own affairs, still making a contribution to the centre. A federal relation is offered to Buganda, with a degree of federalism applied to the other provinces. The scheme is so complicated that it will need prolonged consideration; nevertheless, it offers for the first time a genuine compromise between Baganda separatism and the need to associate this wealthy area with Uganda nationalism. If there is good will, the plan could allow a new Uganda nation to make an important contribution to a progressive East African society.

Angola

Genocide or Compromise

The mounting wave of horror over both past and planned atrocities in Angola offers Portugal one last-minute chance to be accepted in civilised society. In the face of urgent criticisms at Lake Success, mounting attacks by the Labour Party at Westminster and the increasing concern of the Christian churches Dr Verwoerd is left as Dr Salazar's only remaining friend. The build-up of Portuguese troops in Angola is now almost complete; the rainy season is ending, and the way will be open probably in a matter of days for the projected campaign of genocide against the Angolan Africans. If Salazar were now to recognise the hostility which will beset his country once this campaign is launched, he might yet have second thoughts. Compromise now, with the use of good offices to bring the colony peace and at least the hope of liberal advance, could save Portugal itself from disaster. Commonsense should cause the Portuguese dictator to reflect that a colonial war will destroy him whatever its outcome, whereas a peaceful settlement could bring prestige and economic salvation. Before he takes the dreadful step he is contemplating, he would do well to ponder the colonial lessons learnt in the past 15 years by Britain and France.

Paris

Threat of Chaos

K. S. KAROL *writes:* To illustrate the degree to which France has become like a South American republic I can do no better than to quote a conversation I had this week with a high official whom I had asked for some information about the agricultural crisis that had led to the riots in Brittany. After he had explained to me the economic consequences of the modernisation of agriculture, and in particular the difficulties of dealing with overproduction, he added: 'The worst of it is that these Breton farmers are taking all the attention of the security guards, and so the units which are most loyal to the government are far from Paris and unavailable if there should be another coup'

This was much more than a wisecrack. Today in France one talks less of politics than of the morale of this army division or the degree of disaffection in another – and of the prospect that the generals may make another revolt. In Paris, moreover, the plastic bombs continue to explode. but no one is arrested for such outrages despite the mounting toll of wounded. Such a state of affairs seems more suited to the Mexican countryside during a revolutionary campaign than to the capital of one of the most prosperous countries in the world. The situation is even worse in Algeria. Yet de Gaulle behaves as though rural riots, bombs in Paris and war in Algeria did not exist; he is off to spend a few days in tranquil Lorraine. The chief French negotiator at Evian, M. Joxe, has meanwhile departed for Algeria to see if he can create a provisional administration without the FLN. He has named ten men (six Moslems and four Europeans) to sit as a grand council for Algiers, and he intends to do the same thing in Oran and Constantine – even though these areas strongly support the FLN and there is no chance of setting up a proper administration without the provisional government now sitting in Tunis.

De Gaulle knows perfectly well that he cannot solve the Algerian problem without Ferhat Abbas. If he has broken off the talks at Evian it is because he believes that time is on his side in his efforts to weaken the opposition of the 'ultras' and make the Algerians less obstinate. This is the point of Joxe's mission: to enable France to take up the Evian negotiations in better conditions. But is this possible? It is more likely that delay will be as bad for the French as for the Algerians. Each day the situation is becoming more chaotic, so that people are saying that the question is which adventurer will make his bid for power – and perhaps succeed where Challe and the others failed.

The Economy

Back to Inflation?

Our Economic Correspondent writes: The increase in production during April was just perceptible – one per cent. It has, however, been achieved by an improvement in the right place: since consumer durables, coal, shipbuilding and textiles are still far from healthy, it is apparent that the higher output is coming from such investment industries as machine tools. So far, so good. But the gain is pathetic by comparison to the output figures in Germany, and it is more than offset by the weakness of the pound.

It is, in fact, the pressure on sterling that has led the Chancellor to talk of new measures of 'restraint' (presumably the use of his recently-acquired powers to impose a ten per cent surcharge on indirect taxes) even though these would hit the motor-car and domestic appliance industries before they have pulled out of the winter's slump. Britain faces yet another exchange crisis – the eighth since the end of the war – precisely because nothing has been done to raise the rate of productive capital investment.

Nor will the Treasury and the Bank of England support the recent proposals for a reform of the International Monetary Fund, which would have enabled it at least to relieve the shortage of funds caused by the insatiable demands of the Common Market countries. They still seem to have faith in the automatic working of the old-fashioned gold standard to which we have virtually returned, for all our vulnerability. Mr Lloyd, talking about the need to ward off inflation and to cut government costs, may be preparing the first essential deflationary actions – how long before devaluation of the pound gets on the agenda? – which will be necessary if Britain is to be taken into the Common Market. His warning is far more significant of the government's intentions than the Commonwealth tour of the three 'travelling salesmen'.

Teachers

Strike Mandate

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes*: The special conference of the National Union of Teachers has sent its representatives back to the Burnham Committee with a mandate, first, to reopen the whole salary claim and, secondly, to organise limited strike action in the autumn if no progress is made in the meantime. This decision means that the teachers' Burnham panel has rejected the provisional agreement of 30 May for, despite its acceptance by three of the five smaller unions, the NUT has a majority of the places.

The situation is now much more akin to that prevailing in industrial negotiations than is normally the case with white-collar or professional groups – with a complication that is not found in industry. The employers are not free agents, who can estimate what part of increased labour costs can be passed on as higher prices. They raise only part of the money they need from local rates, and look to the Treasury for the remainder. Many of them may therefore appreciate the teachers' case (and be willing to go a long way to meet it) yet find themselves tied in effect by Treasury parsimony and in form by the refusal of the Minister of Education to ratify a proposed salary scale that he dislikes. This is what has already happened in Scotland, where the Secretary of State has turned down new scales already agreed between the teachers and the local authorities.

The real conflict that is developing is thus between the teachers and the government, and unless the Treasury proves willing to find more money during the next few months the stage seems set for an autumn trial of strength. The government will plead the dangers of inflation and it will no doubt trade on the fact that teachers are less well-placed and less disposed by tradition to take militant action than are railwaymen or miners. But the hard fact remains that schools are short of staff, and the teaching profession increasingly disgruntled, at a time when the national need is for a great expansion of education – not its disruption.

Transport

Robbing the Public

For some time a vigorous Tory pressure-group has been urging the government to sell the ancillary undertakings of British Railways to private enterprise. The reason given is not the true one – that these undertakings are profitable – but that the railways would be more efficient if railwaymen were allowed to concentrate on their real job instead of dissipating some of their energies on docks, harbours, hotels and catering services. Mr Marples himself is said to favour this, and indeed it may be incorporated in the plan which Dr Beeching has now promised for next year. This approach to a nationalised industry contrasts sharply with the government's proposals for dealing with Cunard White Star. The North Atlantic Shipping Bill, now before the Commons, will provide a large subsidy for the new Cunard liner which is to replace the Queen Mary. This is not in itself remarkable. One is used, nowadays, to subsidies from public funds for private industry which can claim to be in difficulties. What is remarkable is that the subsidy is to be offered simultaneously with Cunard White Star's application to use their own funds to launch themselves into air travel in competition with the scheduled services of the publicly-owned BEA and BOAC. What process of logic can possibly justify a policy which proposes to take profitable undertakings away from a public body so that it may concentrate on its 'proper' job, while in effect freeing the funds of a private undertaking so that it may begin to compete with another public body in a sphere which is outside its 'proper' job? There is, of course, no logic about it. Only politics.

Westminster

A Day's Play

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: Lords and Commons cricket is older than the county championship itself; but most of the present-day players are a bit younger. At Hurlingham this week against the Law Society, several Members showed that they could still bowl overarm; and, though this did not prevent the Law Society from passing the Lords and Commons score without losing a wicket, the legislators, unlike more august cricketers, did get through the match without a single pulled muscle, possibly because all remaining muscle had long been pulled as far as it would go.

This is not to suggest that Lords and Commons teams are necessarily decrepit or incompetent. Just as, years ago, opponents suddenly found themselves facing Lord Harris and F. S. Jackson, Lionel Tennyson or Michael Falcon, so today, sometimes, they see Aidan Crawley coming out to open the innings. They may find, too, that the qualifications for inclusion in the side have been stretched to include not only the young policemen who guard the Palace of Westminster, or the sons of members or the husbands of lady members, but even professionals from that other Lords across the town. This precedent was established by Wisden (J.) who 100 years ago played in the original match and took every one of the wickets.

Earlier this season, indeed, in the match against Westminster School, those members of the team who had ever faced the electorate or been born into the purple could have been comfortably disposed of within a single over – and were. Probably because in previous years the schoolboys had insisted in running their elders, but not unhappily betters, into the ground, it was thought that their education would be improved if for once they had to face a few 'guests' who could not only run and bend but see the ball without the aid of field glasses. The resulting victory improved parliamentary morale, which since the war had had to subsist mainly on wins over some Americans who had never played before and some Egyptians who did not intend to play again.

If, however, the genuine members now lack something in competence and energy, they make up for these deficiencies with colour and character. There is Ian Orr-Ewing, protecting a weak partner by snatching quick singles at the end of an over, and so making him weaker still; Charles Mott-Radclyffe, playing shots so impeccably that he looks like Hutton even when he misses the ball; Eric Bullus bobbing about on the boundary like an overweight fawn; and, above all, Colonel Bromley-Davenport.

Like Mott-Radclyffe, Bromley-Davenport has been a good club cricketer; but now weight, among other things, is beginning to restrict his movements. If the ball comes to him in the field, he is inclined to stare at it haughtily, as though it had no right to be there and then look round for Patrick Wolrige-Gordon to restore it to its proper place. He cannot easily remove his bulk from the line of a quick bowler's fire and the calm of many a Hurlingham croquet game has been shattered by a bull-like roar when he has taken one on his buttock. But it is when he is bowling that he introduces his heaviest drama. He has strong views on the leg-before-wicket rule, views which are not always wholly shared by Dennis Howell, the regular Lords and Commons umpire. Howell can reject an appeal with more disdain than any man I know simply by elevating his nose – a habit which makes Bromley-Davenport turn purple, swell to twice his size and mutter about football referees who refuse to stick to the game they know.

My own connection with this colourful side is a tenuous one. My batting average (2.66) would not justify my inclusion – though I should explain that this figure covers only two innings, in both of which I was run out by Tories, which suggests that I was a victim, not of incompetence, but of a political plot. However, I am fairly sure of an occasional place because of the acute shortage of Labour cricketers and hence of the acute difficulty which Tory players have in finding pairs for the match.

A Murder Arranged

MARGARET COLE

The Royal Commission's Report on Local Government is now over six months old, and it is more than two months past the deadline which Mr Brooke set for receiving 'general comments'. It can hardly have escaped his notice that hardly anyone has had a good word to say for his ideas on London education. The Ministry of Education, the teachers of the county councils concerned, have all recorded their opposition; even the LCC Tories, committed politically to almost any suggestion which would destroy the LCC, were unable to stomach them, and were driven to think up in a hurry the extraordinary variant of a middle-tier authority formed from the nine administrative divisions of the LCC education service – a proposition that appeals to nobody except themselves.

To refresh short memories, it may be recalled that the Royal Commission proposed:

(a) To abolish the county councils of London and Middlesex and the existing county boroughs of Croydon and East and West Ham, and to lop off portions of the existing areas of the county councils of Surrey, Kent, Essex and Hertford. (b) To create a new Greater London Authority of 100 elected members to serve an area extending to (but not including) Watford and Dartford, with overriding powers for planning, roads and traffic, and divided powers for such services as education. (c) Within this area, to create 52 'Greater London Boroughs', formed by tying together in bunches the present authorities of all kinds, which 'should be the primary units of local government and should perform all functions except those which can only be effectively performed over the wider area.' Education should, broadly, be divided between them and the Greater London Authority.

Why did they do this? Surely for the same reason that 12,000 teachers signed a petition against the education chapters of the report – that they could not calmly contemplate the break-up of the 'London Education Service' into 18 bits with a loosely-drafted overall connection over a new wide area. All sections of the report have met with criticism of varying intensity; but this one alone has been received with real consternation among those who have worked in or with the service.

It is easy to see why. Ever since, 90 years ago, the area which just under 20 years later became the County of London gained a system of public education, that system has been a unity. It was built up by the great London School Board, which contained personalities of such high distinction as Graham Wallas, T. H. Huxley, Stewart Headlam and Annie Besant – and incidentally brought women into public life when seats on elected councils were denied to them. When the School Board was slain by the combined wisdoms of Sidney Webb and Robert Morant, it continued under the LCC, bringing Grammar and Technical schools and 'further education' under one command, and increasing, over the years, the scope and range of its services.

Particularly in recent times, when rising costs and still more rising 'expectations' of pupils and parents have forced the 'aided' schools and colleges to look more and more to public funds to carry them, the education service has gone on expanding and improving. In the words of the Royal Commission itself, it has 'won a high reputation for itself not only in Greater London and in the country as a whole, but also in countries abroad'. The published evidence of the Ministry of Education included half a dozen paragraphs of panegyric with only one minor criticism – relating to the divisional offices which the LCC Tories now wish to elevate.

Longevity, even combined with performance, is not everything, of course. It is worth calling attention to the long acceptance of the idea that in a capital city with a mobile population, education should be a unity – this was why, in the 1903 Act which abolished the School Board, the newly-created metropolitan boroughs were given no part in it. The children living in the LCC area can go freely (with transport paid over the statutory limit) to almost any school their parents desire.

After school finishes, the young student can go at his will to any of the colleges and institutes of further education within the county, without regard to where he lives. Kingsway Day College, for example, which would be one of the 'local' colleges assigned, under the Commission's scheme, to borough administration, draws today only six per cent of its students from those living in the Greater London Borough which would have jurisdiction over it. The Commission paid lip-service to the principle of 'free trade' in education; but it is difficult to understand how, under a system of divided rule – very similar to that which it condemned so definitely in Middlesex – the freedom which now exists without question could be maintained without argument and discussion which would be costly and time-wasting even if it did not lead to actual friction.

Mention of the Kingsway College leads to another consideration – that of the many services and institutions which have been developed to serve the LCC area as a whole and sited without reference to borough boundaries, past or future. The great majority of the Council's colleges come under this heading – specialised establishments like the London School of Printing and the Westminster Hotel School, neither qualifying as 'regional' colleges under the Ministry's definition, but both drawing students from all over the country (and costing a great deal), and colleges having a special appeal to the Commonwealth, such as Balham College of Commerce, with its 700 students from overseas.

The whole of the admirable Evening Institute Service, enrolling some 125,000 students in a year, and recently reorganised so as to provide maximum accessibility to the classes and crafts and recreation they desire, is another county-wide system. There is also the Care Committee service, just mentioned in a sentence in the report, now over 60 years old and working away at the problems of individual children in difficulties; there are the special schools for the handicapped, with LCC buses taking the children from all over London to the sites which have been found for their schools, and the 21 residential schools maintained for them in the country; there is that great bazaar, the School Equipment Division in Kennington Lane, where teachers come to choose their prizes, their theatrical costumes, toys and play apparatus, which produces a remarkable picture catalogue of school furniture vetted by members of the School Equipment Section. All these (like Battersea Park) are instances of institutions which would be quite beyond the resources of even an enlarged borough – I say, for reasons of space, nothing of the great waste of scarce architectural and valuation talent involved in abolishing the Schools Architectural Department and splitting responsibility for school building and siting between a Greater London Council and 52 Boroughs (18 within the County area). The question one wishes to ask is this: if they are intended to survive, why split them up and then have laboriously to put them together again through some unexplained form of co-ordination?

Three reasons only are given – all 'ideological'. First, it is 'bad for local government' – not, please observe, for children – that metropolitan boroughs should not have a say in education, and this 'must be' bad for administration. Second, the London County Council is 'too big and too monolithic' – whatever that word really means. Thirdly, parents want to go to the Town Hall (which Town Hall, when such large areas as Stepney, Poplar and Bethnal Green are lumped together?) for their queries, and LCC administration 'must' suffer from 'rigidity and apparent inhumanity'.

For the third count, which is much the most important, the Commission say they have 'ample' evidence. It is a pity that they have not disclosed this evidence: the only *published* evidence, that of the Ministry of Education, says exactly the opposite. And I have been astonished to find how much and how continuously attention is given, both by officers and by the hard-working members of the Education Committee, both to the problems of individuals and to 'public opinion' in different areas.

I believe, as the county councils and other bodies have argued, that the education propo-

Articles in the June issue of Universities Quarterly include The Universities and Teachers' Colleges, An Education Dept in a Developing Area (Ghana), Administration of the Law, The Realities of Ashby's Vision, Teacher-Training in Schools, Agricultural Research, and Functions and Objectives of University Education

A few copies of the March special issue on New and Larger Universities are still available

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sitions of the report are unequivocally bad; that the London Education Service ought not to be broken up. The 100 members of the proposed Greater London Council (and its officers) would not be able to give one tithe of the detailed consideration now given to individual cases. The proposed boroughs would be inadequate for this task, and that to introduce 'dual control' in London is a retrograde and a dangerous step.

The Royal Commission had 'ample evidence' on all these points, but ignored it; the easiest explanation being that its members were so absorbed in the physical problems of traffic and planning that they rough-hewed 'the most important of all local authority functions' to fit a plan for roads.

London Diary

CHARON

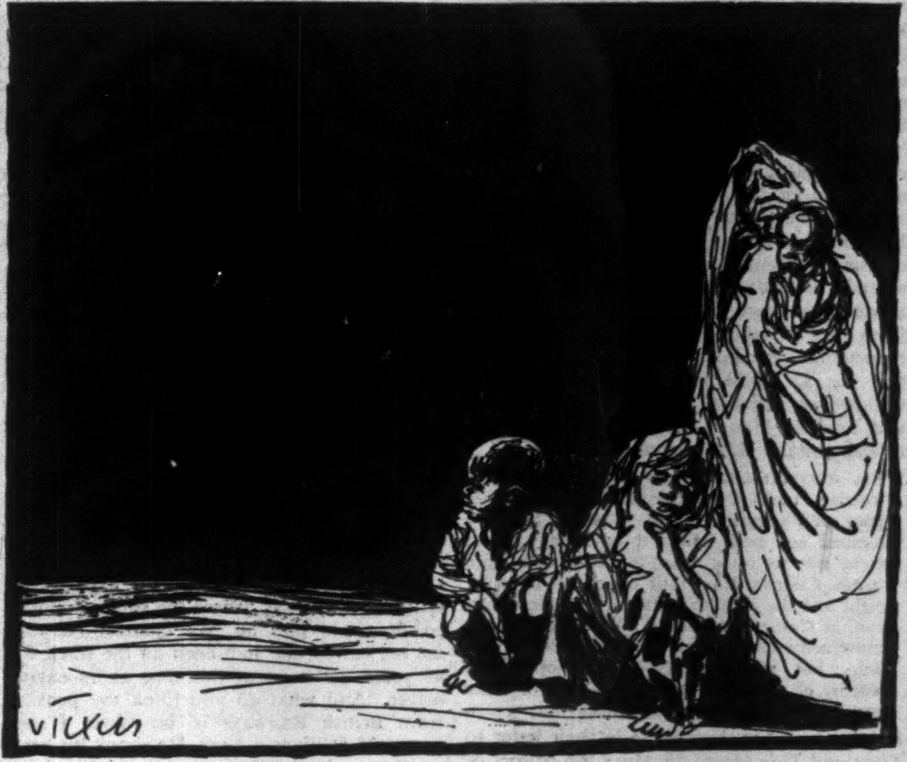
One of the odder side effects of the Kennedy visit to London and the intensified pressure on the UK to join the Common Market is, I'm told, the rejuvenation of Lord Beaverbrook. At a dinner he gave in London over the week-end, I hear he was crackling and barking with the manic zeal that he used to display when Minister of Aircraft Production. He issued his own declaration of war on Kennedy. 'The young man is going to be no good to us, no good at all. He is not even the man his father was.' He went on to denounce the Common Market with as much fire as if he was fighting the Battle of Britain all over again. For Britain, he said, to join it would amount to an economic Munich which would be surely followed by an economic Dunkirk. If we aren't careful, he added, the Americans will be exporting some of their unemployment to us. Beaverbrook doesn't seem to think there's much hope of Macmillan's standing firm – and is no doubt going to plan his future strategy accordingly.

* * *

Anyone who doubts that an American President can ever entertain any but the friendliest and most respectful sentiments towards a British Prime Minister should read carefully the diplomatic papers that were released last week-end by the State Department. Roosevelt's message of 5 May 1943 to Stalin suggesting a meeting between them without Churchill has, presumably, been somewhat shortened in the press summaries. Even so, the text is intriguing. He asked Stalin for 'an informal and completely simple visit for a few days between you and me . . . this summer. . . . A problem is where to meet. Africa is almost out of the question in summer and Khartoum is British territory. Iceland I do not like because for both you and me it involves rather difficult flights and in addition, quite frankly, it would make it difficult not to invite Prime Minister Churchill at the same time. . . . Therefore I suggest that we could meet either on your side or my side of Bering Strait.'

* * *

I always look at *Encounter*. It invariably contains something worth reading from some angle or other for us *clercs*, members of the literary intelligentsia. I was sent an advance copy of the July issue, starring two features. One was Trevor-Roper's long, closely reasoned and, to my mind, entirely justified attack on Alan Taylor's incomprehensibly irresponsible book, *The Origins of the Second*



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How long...?

Whatever happens in Algeria, the refugees face a new anguish of waiting; of continued hunger and lack of shelter. Even peace would bring no early return to the ruined villages that are 'home.' Most of the 250,000 homeless (mainly women and children) face renewed hardships. We need extra help quickly if the long wait is not to end simply in death for the sick and undernourished.

URGENT PROJECTS FOR ALGERIAN HOMELESS NEED HELP NOW

We must not fail Algerian refugees in this new crisis. NEW STATESMAN readers have already given generously. We ask you to give again – to help them survive; to give treatment to TB and undernourished children; to provide medicines and food; to prevent utter destitution among old people, widows and students. And to help wipe out Favus, the distressingly painful and horrible scalp disease widespread among children. At present 'treated' with used engine oil it can now be permanently eradicated by a newly proved oral antibiotic, Griseofulvin (£10,000 is needed for this one project alone).

Your contribution is needed for immediate use—please send to:—

THE HON. TREASURER, THE U.K. COMMITTEE FOR ALGERIAN REFUGEES, 49 DENISON HOUSE, 296(P) VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

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World War, according to which, so Trevor-Roper points out, 'Hitler was an ordinary German statesman in the tradition of Stresemann and Brüning.' The other was a characteristically sprightly, commonsensical article by Malcolm Muggeridge – *The Queen and I* – on the theme of his famous animadversions on the English monarchy of three years or so ago. Also in the current issue is the final article of Theodore Draper's series on Cuba. Like other people, I have been becoming increasingly dismayed by Draper's one-sided attitude towards the Castro revolution. His account has been diverging more and more from that of other experienced and truthful reporters on the spot such as Kingsley Martin and K. S. Karol in this journal, Patrick O'Donovan and Roy Perrot in the *Observer* and Eric de Mauny of the BBC. The final article contains this inflammatory passage:

> But no anti-Castro movement can resist Russian tanks and Czechoslovak machine-guns with sympathy alone. It would be more humane and more honest to advise any movement not to resist than to resist with bare hands. Castro's democratic opponents have the right and the duty to obtain arms where they can, as Castro did and as other revolutionary movements have done. The United States can help, but a democratic Cuban opposition worthy of the name will accept arms or other assistance only on its own terms.

Judging by what they wrote in their letter to *Time and Tide* (dated 18 May) the editors of *Encounter*, Stephen Spender and Melvin Lasky, did not share, to the full, the sentiments which Draper was expressing. The fact remains that *Encounter*, for all its literary merit as a forum for the often harried *avant garde* intelligentsia of all countries, has almost invariably in global affairs a discernible, if mainly sub-acute, Cold War slant. In view of its American sponsorship, this, however regrettable, is, I suppose, to be expected.

* * *

Latest news from the Secret Service inquiry front is of some more lobbying and counter-lobbying. The school of thought – if you can call it thought – which presses for all power to the secret services is suggesting a positive army of agents so that almost every factory in the country shall have its deeply planted counter spy – probably some nobbly, young-middle-aged, ex-colonial-service relict. (His presence, which would almost certainly be spotted in a fortnight, could be relied upon to cause unrest in the workshop and a drop in production.) A counter-lobbying school is headed by the Bar. True, more prosecutions under the Official Secrets Act mean more trials – but *in camera*, and trials *in camera* are not popular with barristers for a variety of reasons. Apart from the rights of the accused, there are the privileges of the Bar. Proceedings *in camera* are briefer; witnesses for the prosecution are introduced as Mr Smith of Nowhere and may not be questioned as to their backgrounds and employment; there is altogether a shortage of guineas and publicity. The Bar is hoping that Lord Radcliffe will stand by the Inns of Court.

It seems, however, that in military circles anyway, the more-and-more-spies school is gaining ground. The Territorial Army's plans for part-time counter-intelligence units are already in operation. The *Observer* story last Sunday about the illuminated yellow sign outside Westfield House, Radford Road, Coventry, proclaiming the headquarters of Number 17 Counter-Intelligence Company shows that the authorities are sticking very close to Compton Mackenzie's script.

* * *

My porter the other morning on Brighton station was one of those solid well-preserved elderly men. He showed cunning expertise in spotting, from afar, where the single Pullman coach would pull up. We chatted. He told me he was 69 and had been on the track for 46 years, for most of this time as an engine driver. 'And what do you think my pension from British Railways is' he asked. I suggested 35 shillings a week. He shook his head so vigorously that his sharp Punch-like beak became a blur.

'Nine shillings a week!' he said. 'Not very encouraging is it? When I turn 70 I'm considered too old for what I'm doing now. If it wasn't for the old age pension I'd be on the parish. You can't say I'm one of the ones who've never had it so good. They say they're going to raise railwaymen's pensions to 30 shillings a week but that's not very much either.' I meditated on this most of the hour in the train. To the tune of the wheels I intoned a classic phrase from the circular letter to British railwaymen which Dr Beeching issued on the occasion of his taking over: 'May the smouldering pride of British railwaymen be kindled again . . .'

* * *

I had thought the slot machines on Brighton's Palace Pier were as changeless as the 'Friend' we used to sing about at the Children's Service in St Peter's, Hove. The butler was still seeing an undressing scene from 1910. Next to him came the long count in the second Tunney-Dempsey fight; a curiously old-fashioned yet efficient do-it-yourself cinema, worked by turning a handle, was still conclusively proving the strength of Tunney's legs. But one new machine I did spot had been invented to take sixpences instead of the traditional pennies. This was the 'Telefortune'. It announced that: 'A Master of Arts of Christ's College Cambridge' would give you a detailed scientific horoscope in his own voice. I put sixpence in the slot, turned the dial to my birth-sign and sex, lifted a telephone receiver. The MA told me to buy at least two Premium Bonds. His voice was sharp. faintly red-brick perhaps. I wondered how much this post-graduate labour brought him in.

* * *

The new House of Gibbons at the Zoo is now, literally, in full swing. The five super-acrobats – four a delicious lemon-ginger colour, one black – were disporting themselves with that exquisite grace for which their species is famous. I noticed that the climbing equipment in their spacious. well-appointed house seemed to give them a sense of security. The youngest of them sat eating his vegetarian breakfast holding all the time with one hand to a rope, ready for instant vertical take-off. Two other Gibbons. still incarcerated in more cramped quarters in the Monkey House, were letting out their plangent cries, trying perhaps to communicate with their freer brothers in their comparatively open borstal. The best time to see them is early in the morning soon after the Zoo opens. They spend a great deal of the day inside their sleeping apartments.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'We don't have a colour bar – it is just a question of colour preference,' said Mr Harold Price, public relations official of the Western Region of British Railways, which covers Paddington. – *Daily Herald*. (B. Morton.)

There must have been a number of retired officers and other ranks of the Brigade of Guards who raised an eyebrow at seeing pictures of the Queen – in uniform – carrying Prince Andrew.

Even in plain clothes, before the war, it was not 'done' for an officer to be seen carrying even the smallest parcel. – Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Sylvia Morris.)

A plan to give Hemel Hempstead children an Adventure Playground was condemned as 'dangerous and communistic' by a member of the Borough Council's Parks Committee on Tuesday.

Declared Cllr Tom Hunter: 'By doing this we shall become communistic in our outlook by encouraging the state control of children.' – *Herts & Hemel Hempstead Gazette*. (Sheila Jackman.)

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Turbulent Bishop

In the two years that have passed since he became Bishop of Southwark, Dr Arthur Mervyn Stockwood has been involved in two considerable public rows, only one of them attributable to any fault, or initiative, of his own: this was the Carshalton row, in which – with what seemed to some of his friends an excess of disciplinarian zeal, amid circumstances of dramatic publicity and with the visible support of the civil law – he expelled from his cure of souls an aged priest guilty of 'papalist' practices. Reminded now of this episode, Dr Stockwood himself says: 'If one had to play that hand again, one might play it differently.'

The second row was the more serious and the more traumatic: the Bryn Thomas case. Such criticisms as have been made of the Bishop in regard to this case seem unjust. On the complaints presented to him, he could hardly have failed to initiate proceedings; the consistory court procedure – a legitimate subject for argument, indeed – was not invented by him, and those who have said that the Chancellor of the diocese should not have been the sole judge in such a case overlook the fact that either party to it could have opted for a panel of assessors, and that, the prosecution having offered this alternative, the defence rejected it; while the cathedral ceremony of 'unfrocking', condemned as too public and theatrical, was reasonably thought necessary in view of Dr Thomas's published intention of visiting eastern Europe and lecturing there, presumably in the guise of a Church of England clergyman. Dr Stockwood's closest friends know how deeply this case disturbed him: he says repeatedly that he has never before encountered a situation in which so clearly the deliberate choice had been made – 'Evil, be thou my good'

It may well be that his distress was intensified by the fact that the priest whom he had to prosecute was, like himself (though to a much more extreme degree), a man of the left; for the most obviously interesting fact about Dr Stockwood, and about his elevation by Mr Macmillan, is that he is a Socialist and a card-holding member of the Labour Party. Immediately after his consecration in Southwark Cathedral on May Day 1959 (in the presence of Princess Margaret), a reporter asked him what his attitude to the party would now be. He replied: 'I remain a convinced and enthusiastic member of the Labour Party' – adding *sotto voce* to a friend, 'until they next chuck me out!'

An expectation of his party disengagement was voiced unavailingly by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the interview at Lambeth at which it was settled that Stockwood should become a bishop. Some of the other exchanges in this interview were more surprising. Dr Fisher had said: 'We've had our eye on you for Southwark.' Stockwood at first demurred: he had been Vicar of Great St Mary's, the university church at Cambridge, for only three years; he had begun to build up a 'good show' there (packing in 2,000 undergraduates for Sunday evensong or addresses by such stars as Aneurin Bevan and Fr Huddleston); he wondered if he ought to leave so soon.

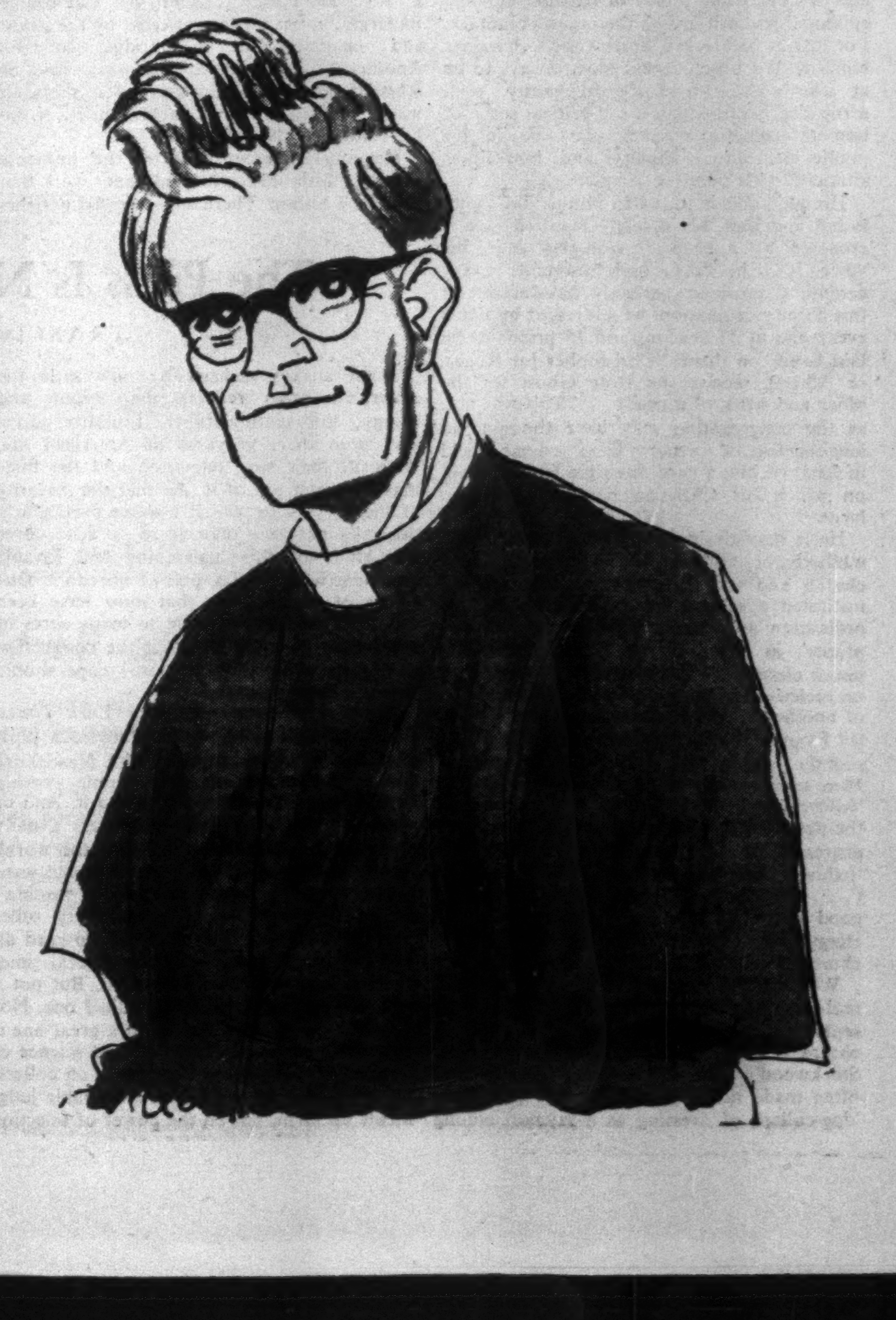
The Archbishop put a subtle argument to him: 'There's going to be an election soon. [This was late in 1958.] Labour may win. If Gaitskell offered you a bishopric you would, of course, feel obliged to refuse it, because it would look like a political appointment. So I want you to accept while the Conservatives are still in.' Even this was not immediately convincing. Then the Archbishop grew impatient. 'My dear Mervyn,' he said, 'it's no good arguing with God. I've tried it, and I know.' Stockwood argued no more.

It is conceivable that this gesture by the Archbishop and the Tory Prime Minister – the student of Trollope – was made in accordance with the well-tried ruling-class tactic of wooing rebels into the Establishment; but it is more charitable to regard it as a generous, if belated, recognition of outstanding pastoral talent. Belated, indeed; for Mervyn Stockwood is now 48, and would, on merit, have been a bishop some years sooner if his views had not been of the left.

Yet Stockwood's practice of politics throughout his parochial life was, by any fair test, unexceptionable. Believing that priests, though not allowed to be parliamentary candidates, were not deprived of other citizen rights, he served on the city council, as a Labour member, at both Bristol and Cambridge. He would never 'preach party politics from the pulpit', in the sense of saying which candidate ought to be voted for. He contented himself with stimulating his congregation to awareness of the duty and right of voting. To this end, on the two or three Sundays before polling day, he would invite, in turn, each candidate for the constituency in which his parish lay to speak and answer questions in the church hall after evensong; himself taking the chair for each, 'to see fair play'.

Nor did his known views antagonise all his political opponents. Of the Bristol MPs, Walter Monckton was as close a friend as Cripps (to whose death-bed in Switzerland he flew, to hear his confession and to anoint him with oil blessed by Archbishop William Temple). Monckton, indeed, worshipped regularly at his church and gave a chalice to it; and Stockwood admitted Monckton and his wife to Communion, though they had married after divorce. This theological liberalism was characteristic of his ministry. Anglo-Catholic clergy in the Southwark diocese, required by their bishop to stick to the Communion rite of 1662, recall wryly the sharp censure passed on him by the *Church Times* when, at Bristol, he composed and used his own rite of baptism.

Theological liberalism was combined with a moderately 'high' ceremonial use – vestments, incense, Reservation – which did not deter large numbers of people, many of them industrial workers and their families, none of them at all exotically pious, from crowding to capacity a church that had been 'dead' and empty when he took it over. At a typical Sunday morning sung Eucharist, as many as



300-400 would make their Communion; and the churchwardens would be anxiously ransacking the adjacent hall for more chairs. It is one of several ironies of his present situation that for a time, after the Carshalton case, Dr Stockwood became the hero of the extreme Protestants.

Dr Stockwood is far broader than they in his sympathies. He happily visits churches of almost every colour in his diocese, 'taking the north end' at celebrations in 'black-gown' churches; facing east in most or, in the basilican posture approved in the current liturgical movement, facing his cathedral congregation across the nave altar. He wears the traditional vestments; in private conversation (and suitable company) he habitually refers to the Communion as the Mass; once a week he visits the convent of the Sisters of Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament; and any Protestant seeing him, vested in chasuble and jewelled mitre, move slowly down his cathedral nave, his hand repeatedly tracing the sign of the cross to right and to left as the people kneel, like corn before the wind, to receive his blessing would recognise, with a shudder, the authentic *persona* of a Catholic bishop.

Five minutes after such a solemn climax, he will be in the retro-choir, surrounded by an informal group – on Trinity Sunday, for instance, a group of newly ordained priests and deacons – and a roar of laughter at some episcopal jest will drown the organ voluntary. For just as in Mervyn Stockwood's character humility and unselfishness seem always to be at war with a tendency to vanity, even arrogance (from which a self-critical sense of humour sometimes saves him), so in his public demeanour dignity and homeliness alternate with puzzling frequency.

His physique is suited to pomp: his figure is tall and lean, his strongly featured face is crowned by a mop of iron-grey hair, his voice is rich, deep, and resonant. Every ceremony must be perfectly 'produced'. At this Trinity ordination, he addressed by name every one of 33 deacons and 15 priests as he laid hands on them: 'Christopher [or Roger, or Albert], receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest . . .' This was not, as the congregation may have thought, an inspired feat of memory; each ordinand held in front of him a card, invisible from behind, on which his Christian name was written large.

He is strongly in favour of unconventional methods of bridging the gap between the church and the industrial workers. He has instituted a scheme for training laymen for ordination as part-time clergy – as 'worker-priests', in effect, on the Paris model. His junior clergy take intensive courses – not only on ecclesiastical subjects – under the direction of another left-wing clergyman, Canon Stanley Evans. His conversation is colloquial in a slightly old-fashioned pedagogic manner. Men seem usually to be divided into 'chaps', 'fellows', and 'boys': 'chaps' are the men-in-the-street whom he believes to be passionately distressed by deviations from the 1662 rite; 'fellows' are, sometimes, other bishops ('. . . the Bishop of Hereford – he's a very good fellow'); 'boys', or 'the boys', are the clergy of his diocese ('I love 'em all – the low-church boys, the high-church boys . . .').

Whether this contrast is a symptom of a real inner conflict, or whether it simply represents two complementary sides of a complex nature, it is manifested most startlingly in Dr Stockwood's sartorial ambivalence. He has often made rather a point of not wearing a 'dog-collar', of dressing as a layman among laymen; so that when, soon after becoming a bishop, he called by appointment on one of his clergy, the vicar's wife, answering the door, said: 'I'm afraid you can't see him now – he's expecting the Bishop.'

At about the same time, however, he went to a quiet clerical sherry-party. Several other bishops were there, in sober black gaiters and aprons (the 18th-century riding-kit which Dr Stockwood had denounced as ridiculous and vowed he would never wear). On this occasion he was a peacock among blackbirds, splendid in purple cassock and cape. 'Ah, Mervyn', said the Bishop of London (Dr Montgomery Campbell, renowned for his dry wit). 'Incognito, I see.'

In the chapel on the top floor of the large Victorian house at Tooting Bec – not a 'palace' – in which he lives with his elderly mother, widow of a solicitor, and his chaplain, Mervyn Stockwood displays, with natural pride, the presents given him when he became a bishop; for the list of donors testifies to the breadth of his interests and his friendships. His chasubles and his purple cope were given him by his Cambridge congregation; his red cope by the Headmaster of Winchester; his green cope by comrades in the Labour Party; one of his four mitres by Methodist ministers at Bristol, another by all his past curates, another (the jewelled one) by Sir Hamilton Kerr, Tory MP for Cambridge; a silver-and-ebony crozier by Cambridge undergraduates; a pectoral cross by the deans and chaplains of Cambridge colleges. Another, more ornate, pectoral cross is Russian, and the inscription on it shows it was given in 1885 to a factory priest 'from his comrades, the workers'.

He must sometimes regret the immense burden of administrative and paper work that falls on a bishop. There are some 400 parishes in the Southwark diocese, which includes some of the best of rural Surrey and some of the dreariest of south London. The bishop must gradually visit all of them, and also spend a full day each year in conference in each of the 20 deaneries in which the parishes are grouped. Then there are Convocation and the Church Assembly and innumerable committees – and, in the not distant future, the House of Lords, in which Dr Stockwood will be able once more, and unchallengeably, to speak on strictly political issues.

To old friends, on the rare occasions on which he sees them, the Bishop confesses that he sometimes finds all this 'overwhelming', and that 'there's not enough solitude'. Yet it may be that the discipline of being an administrator as well as a pastor will strengthen and integrate a character in which poacher and gamekeeper seem sometimes to be chasing each other rather wildly.

If a man can be known by his friends, the essential Stockwood remains an enigma. Among close friends are some he knew at Bristol – Sir Lionel Goodenough Taylor (90 next month), whom he drove for 2,000 miles through France two years ago ('and never a dull moment'); Ronald Avery, the wine-merchant; Desmond Lee, headmaster of Winchester and previously of Clifton . . . But these are soon crowded out by a throng of councillors, curates, parishioners; and these in a sense are true friends too.

At least – though it was still work – he had a big break this month, when he took most of the clergy of his diocese (420 of the 500 or so) to spend a few days in a holiday camp at Bognor. He was looking forward keenly to this jaunt when he told a friend about it. 'We're leaving the diocese practically without parsons,' he cried. 'Just a skeleton staff,' he added, 'to bury the dead.'

The Press Is Not For Reading

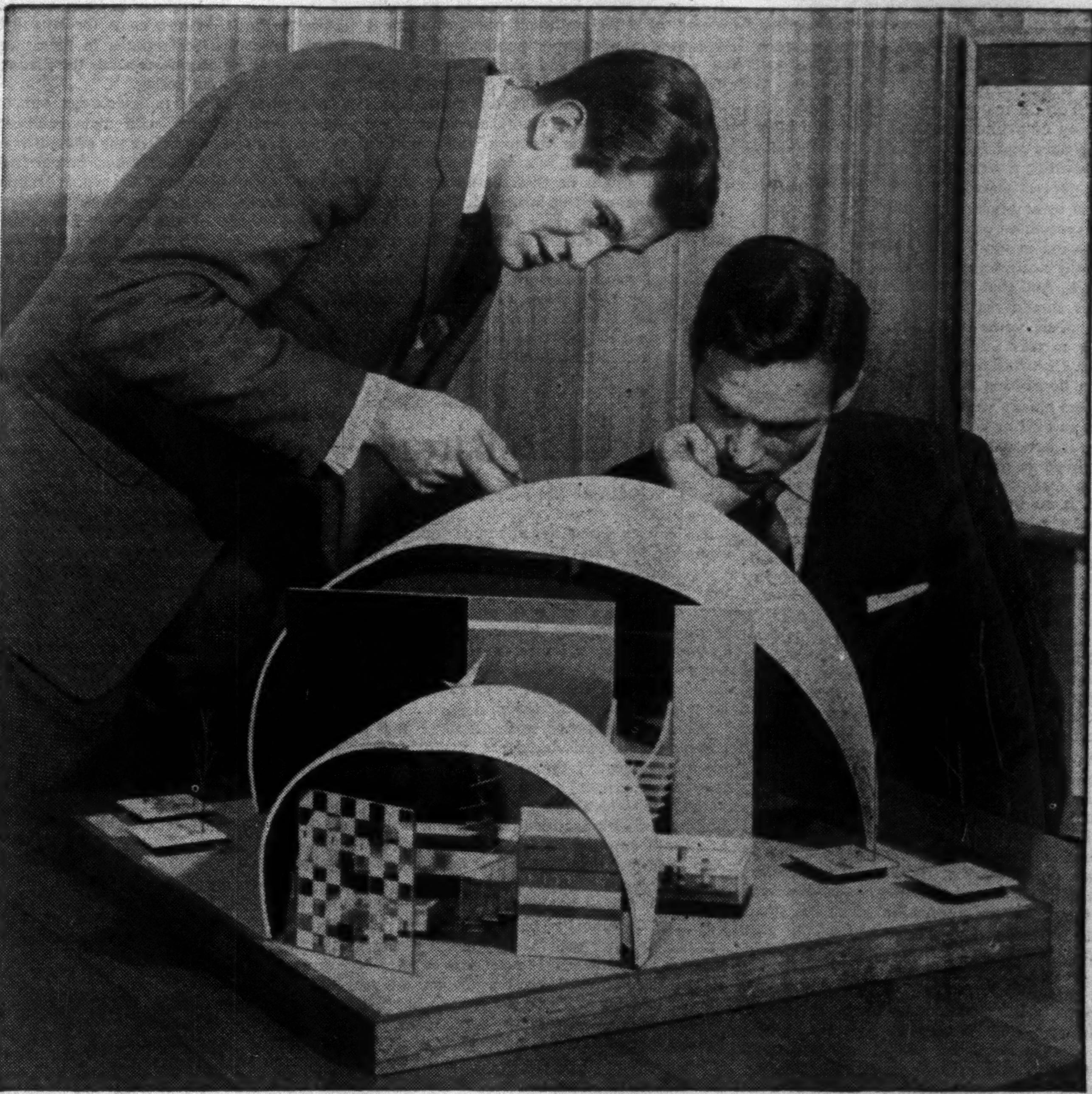
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

I am always amazed by how little the American press reflects the colour and energy, the sentimentality, brutality, drive and often sheer goryness of American life. With all their sins, television and the films make a better job of it. All that the majority of the press – by which I mean particularly the daily papers – manage to do is to cover the whole of this maddening and lovable continent with a thick pall of boredom. One thinks of all the trees that must have been cut down to make possible so many acres of mediocrity and one weeps at the destruction of forests to so little purpose: rape should produce more pleasure.

There is of course the *New York Times*. Whenever one mentions the American press one is required to think of the *New York Times*. It is like God; more people worship it than ever intend to get close to it. And of course it is a very good paper. As a daily encyclopedia it is unsurpassed in the world. All the news any intelligent man would want to know, and a great deal that he wouldn't unless he wished to abandon every other activity in life but that of trying to read all its 76 pages, is there – usually several times over. It is a good paper all right. But not a well written one. Nor a well edited one. Nor a well presented one. To call it a great one is to make a mockery of the art and science of journalism. This depends not only on collecting the facts and arriving at reasonable judgments on them, but on the power of selection and presentation and the ability to match events with words that stir the mind and glow in the memory.

The *New York Times* is the Great Pedestrian of the press. It covers the miles but there is never a skip or jump to break the monotony. One night recently, when an electrical breakdown hit its printing presses along with a lot of other things in New York, it had to produce a midget edition. For once one was conscious that its editors had had to ask themselves what was really important. Unfortunately they show no sign of learning from the experience. This is a pity, for individually it possesses some of the best political and foreign reporters in the business – although some of them, including members of the London bureau, would be better still if they did not pretend to an objectivity neither they nor any man possesses.

Still one must grant American journalism the *New York Times*. Despite its sins of commission it really does stand as a monument to serious-mindedness and honest intent: an Albert Memorial of journalism. It has lately been seriously considering publishing a West Coast edition. This, plus jet-plane transport, could make it virtually a national paper in circulation as well as prestige – with interesting repercussions on the rest of the press. Technically, indeed, there is now no reason why a national daily press should not for the first time begin to develop in the US, although American newspaper publishers,



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Shell Chemicals SHELL

commercially one of the least up to date groups in the country, are for the most part blissfully closing their eyes to it.

So far only the *Wall Street Journal* has appreciated the possibilities. With New England, Middle West and West Coast editions, as well as its main publishing centre in New York, it is now covering the country on morning of publication to an extent no other paper does and by a skilful editorial policy of providing a well-informed summary of the main general news of the day, is widening its appeal to embrace many outside its formerly very specialised clientele. Naturally extremely right-wing in most of its political views, it is now the nearest thing to a national paper in the US. And that is rather as if the *Financial Times* should make itself into the principal journalistic voice in Britain. The only other paper to take a step in this direction so far is the *Christian Science Monitor*, which now has a flourishing West Coast edition.

What chiefly strikes a British observer after four months or so of studying the American press is how old-fashioned most of it is. Old-fashioned in much of its writing, even more so in make-up and in the use of pictures. This is so in the case of both serious and popular papers, and both the good and the bad. There is nothing, so far as I have been able to discover, in the American newspaper field to compare with the skilful employment of visual appeal, say, the London *Daily Express* goes in for. Nor is there any parallel to some of the exciting new typographical and make-up experiments carried out by the *Guardian* in its feature pages, or to the artistry in lay-out and type often to be found in the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times* and, outside London, in the *Scotsman*.

As for the mass press, there is no tabloid that even remotely compares with our own *Daily Mirror* in zip, popular flair or occasional social conscience. Apart, indeed, from perhaps half a dozen papers of genuine substance such as the *Washington Post*, the *St Louis Post Dispatch*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and one or two others – and several of these give the impression of having stood still professionally speaking for the last decade – the general impression one gets is of an industry in a period of inertia if not yet of actual decline. Economically the regional nature of the American newspaper industry – so far – and the immense volume of retail advertising, which still makes it possible to support daily newspapers in communities with populations of 10,000 or even less, keep them solvent. (The average ratio of advertising revenue to total revenue is around 75 to 80 per cent as compared to 40 to 45 per cent in Britain.) But the fire seems to have gone out of a good many of them. And the rash of syndicated columnists – too many people writing too much for too long about the same things – tends to destroy any individual personality in far too many papers. That, and the page after page of dull, trivial or over-written material.

Compact automobiles have helped to save the motor industry: next year, it is estimated, they will account for at least 50 per cent of the total output. I have a feeling that what the American public now needs even more are a few compact newspapers, something that an ordinary man following an ordinary life could hope to get through in an ordinary day. As it is I have been told by several intelligent, and worried, editors that recent surveys have shown a steady decline in the amount of time their readers actually give to reading the newspapers they still buy. I am not surprised. They were not written to be read.

America, so busy with technological advances in other fields, seems to me badly in need of a technological and professional revolution in newspaper publishing. Nor, as the record before and during the Cuban affair showed, is a good part of it any longer serving its public with much real courage and independence. Far too many newspapers are just coasting along, anxious only not to annoy any powerful interests – particularly if to do so might be thought by anyone to be un-American. Fleet Street, Heaven knows, is not a very pretty place just now. But I am glad that I am now coming back to it to breathe some fresh, sharp air. With all its faults, and they are many, the British press seems to me to me more alive and infinitely more aware of both its responsibilities and its opportunities than most of the American. And for sheer professionalism we leave them standing.

Rescue in Barra

NAOMI MITCHISON

Take it that this is a rescue operation, above all for Barra. The other islands in the Outer Hebrides may get by. Lewis has weaving. In the Uists a crofter may manage with store cattle, eggs and a bit of bulb growing. Some of the smaller islands, Grimsay and Bernera, still have lobster boats. But Barra, the most beautiful of all, is in a bad way. South of Barra the small islands now have no population but the sheep.

What has happened to the islands? It is a complete failure of confidence. Fishing is the essential industry, the one real man's job. Agriculture comes second, and always must on the poor Hebridean soil. Tourism? Yes, but it goes a bit against the grain where there is an old tradition of generous hospitality. And anyhow it is only for four months in the year. Fishing it must be.

But the fishing, within living memory, has dwindled to almost nothing. Other jobs were on the up and up; fishing stayed poverty-stricken. There was no longer any export for cured or klondyked herring; foreigners are getting their own. There are fewer white fish, partly due to over-fishing by other boats with heavier nets. Even the herring, that all the experts said could never be over-fished, have become scarcer. And all the time new fishing methods were being worked out, tried and found successful – but only by those who could afford to secure the cream of the new technical advance. The east coast of Scotland was full of new boats and new gear; the capital was there. But there was none in the west.

The young men began to leave. They went to the Merchant Navy or the whaling. The war took many of them, and there was no replacement, as there was on the mainland. Why, after all, would someone who is not an islander, want to come to the Islands? The girls went off to jobs in cheerier places.

Various encouragements have been tried and failed. Fishing and courage are in the blood. Yet, where the Breton lobster boats, under 100 feet overall, go looking for new grounds, to Brazil and Newfoundland, our men creep around their own shores and complain endlessly of other people. There was a 70-feet Breton boat lying in at Barra pier, together with two Norwegian whalers. I went aboard the Breton and talked with the skipper, down in the fo'cs'le, untidy and overcrowded by British standards, but with a beautiful and ancient carved Virgin, Stella Maris, on the bulk-head wall and a bottle of Pernod in the cupboard. They had been down the West African coast for langoustes, which stay alive for months in their 'well'; they were going on now towards the Flannens. Half the crew were young.

But when we try to encourage our own young men to start with reasonable-sized lobster boats, they only see the difficulties and ask for bigger grants. This may be partly due to the discouragement of the whole Highland west, following the selling-up by the Herring Industry Board of the herring boats which had got behind with loan repayments. But it is the attitude of a death-wish, a foreknowledge of failure. Will the Highland Advisory Panel, putting all its weight behind the Scottish Home Department, manage to shake Barra into rescuing herself?

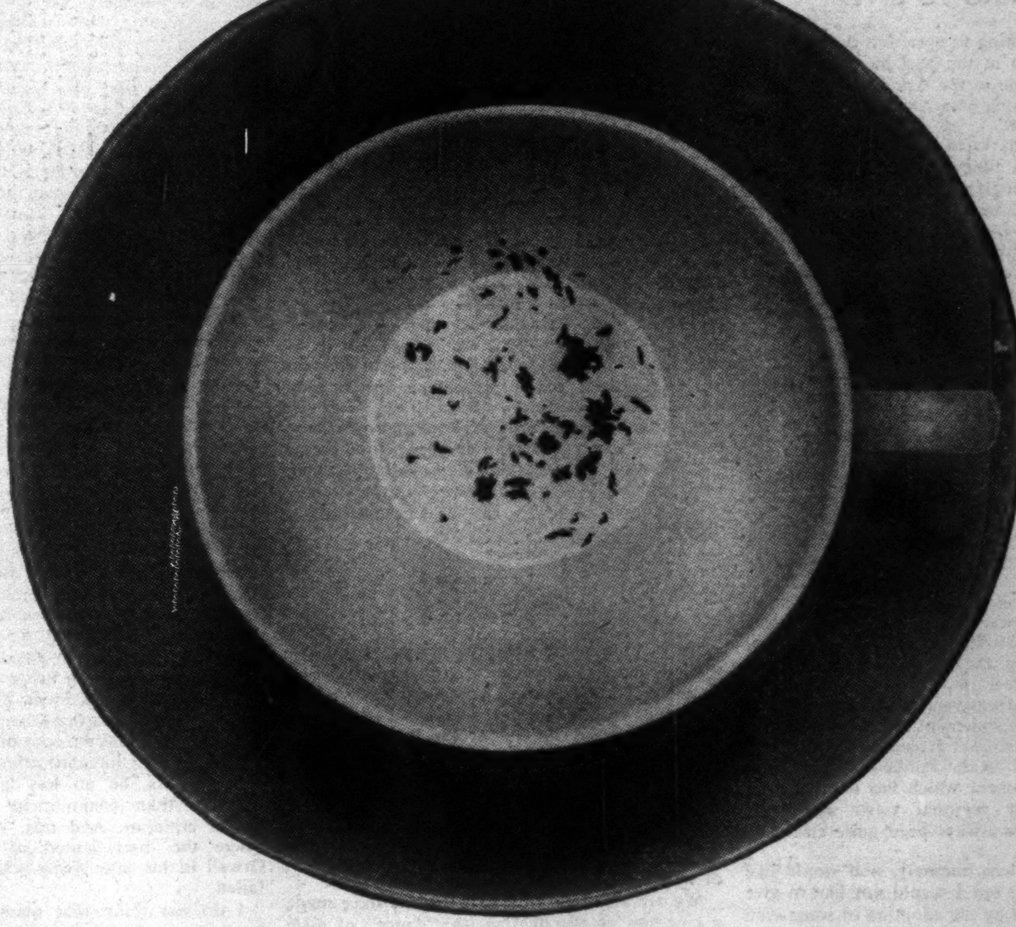
Representatives of both bodies were there a few weeks ago, and so was their training ship, the *Islesman*. For it is essential to give the west coast fishermen all the know-how of the east. Under the Outer Hebrides Fisheries Training Scheme, the Scottish Home Department bought and equipped a second-hand boat. The Chief Fishery Officer for Scotland, once he was persuaded that the scheme would work, put all his heart into it. Now she is fishing off Barra, both seine-netting and after nephrops (scampi), a new and at present a paying type of fishery, with a Barra crew in training. They have already got their own new modern boat on the stocks; grants and loans are better than they were, thanks partly to the Highland Fund. Surely this will put heart into the community.

The Peterhead skipper of the *Islesman* is a man who made a great success of the fishing, built up to be a boat-owner, was going to retire, but instead offered to come back and teach. 'They're very good boys,' he said, his eyes gentle behind heavy glasses, to the three members of the Highland Panel who had scrambled aboard. 'You could go with them their whole life. Complaints? I've no complaints, they'd make complaints of me for not taking them fast enough!' Would he take on more young boys? He would indeed; young lads were keen, they'd race one another, gutting or mending. 'A young lad has nae worries.'

It was harder, he said, to re-train the older men; they were used to going slower. Five or six hauls, and they'd call it a day. In his own time he'd often worked 40 or 50 hours at a stretch without stopping. This young crew were the very same. They'd go anywhere there was fish. Confidence was coming back.

The *Islesman* isn't a fancy boat. But she has the essential equipment for modern fishing and a reliable engine. She has already re-trained the first outer Island crew – that of the *Fiery Cross* of Lewis. These boats will all be share-fishing with joint owners who, among them, can put up the small amount of capital needed. It was typical of the new feeling among the east coast fishermen that the Lossiemouth boats told the *Fiery Cross* she should fish with them their first week so as to learn the new grounds A few men are training on regular east coast fishing boats; that doesn't always work, but where it does, the relation has been good and useful. Meanwhile two Lewis men are coming back from New Zealand to the fishing again.

But will it be in time for Barra? Only just. And if it isn't, if enough crews don't come back to make a real difference to the population structure, Barra will sink back into the decay of spasmodic tourism and local industries starting and then dropped. A few



WELL INFORMED CIRCLES

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De La Rue

more people are keen, the schoolmaster among them; but too many just shrug their shoulders. You may ask why put all that energy and thought and even a bit of the tax-payers' money (though nothing to what the cattle ranching lairds are getting in subsidies and grants!) into these remote islands? Why not all come and live in Glasgow? To assent to that means a worse failure of confidence than that of Barra, since it would be not merely an economic one, but a failure of the heart.

Correspondence

LEARNING TO LIVE

SIR, – It is interesting to note that the deprecatory remarks which in the past have sometimes been made about me in the *Guardian* have now been transferred, along with Anthony Howard, to the NEW STATESMAN.

However, his remarks in your last issue about the Labour Party's education policy were both unfair and (unwittingly) complimentary.

They were complimentary in that he attributes to me the whole of *Learning to Live*, the Labour Party's 1958 Education statement. In fact the education policy adopted by the Labour Party in 1958 was drawn up by a working party, the chairman being Jim Griffiths, and other members included Margaret Herbison, Michael Stewart, Dick Crossman, Tom Driberg, Barbara Castle, Fred Mulley, Fred Peart, Patrick Gordon-Walker, and the then Labour chairman of three education committees – the London County Council, the West Riding County Council and Oxford City Council.

Consultations were later held at a week-end gathering of some 40 well-known educationists and teachers in every kind of educational establishment and finally the statement was endorsed by the Labour Party's National Executive Committee.

At the Scarborough Conference in 1958, to which Anthony Howard refers, the statement was presented by Jim Griffiths and wound up by me, both of us putting the views of the National Executive Committee.

Anthony Howard was very unfair in suggesting that the new policy statement (which has not yet been before the National Executive) was out of line with my views on the Public schools. I cannot discuss a document which has not yet been published, but my personal views about the Public schools have always been quite clear and consistent.

I dislike the system intensely, and would like to see it disappear; but I would not like to give it a shot in the arm by the adoption of some kind of Flemingism.

ALICE BACON

House of Commons

A SERIOUS JOKE

SIR, – 'Charon' reported on the Ryle-Hoyle controversy in your issue of 17 February, stating that an article on the same subject by John Davy in the *Observer* had been good except for a mistake that the Steady State theory was due to a joke between Bondi and Hoyle and not between Bondi and Gold.

The whole story presumably comes from an article in the *New York Herald Tribune* by Earl Ubell about a year ago in which the reporting was correct, namely that I had made this statement as a joke in conversation with both my colleagues. This then ended up as an emphatic statement in your pages conveying exactly the opposite, namely that I was not only not the author, but not at all involved. The very definiteness of your statement will imply to many people that you had some particular information and in the eyes of many of my acquaintances it will mean that I have associated myself improperly in the past with the authorship of the remark leading to this theory.

I hope you will see fit to undo some of the embarrassment which you will have caused by including in your columns a statement that you were wrong and John Davy was correct in attributing the joking remark to me.

T. GOLD

Cornell University
Ithaca
New York

It seemed worthwhile trying to test the memory of those present on this memorable but variously reported occasion as to what exactly did happen. Hence the delay in publishing Dr Gold's letter. We are now satisfied that Dr Gold and Earl Ubell and John Davy are correct in their account and 'Charon' mistaken. Apologies to Dr Gold.

RUN TO EARTH

SIR, – The proposition, put forward at the annual meeting of the RSPCA, that hunting foxes to death is the most humane way of destroying them is just as hypocritical as the contention that foxes enjoy being hunted.

Anyone with a modicum of experience of fox-hunting – and I speak as a former Master of Hounds – is perfectly well aware that most foxes killed in the hunting field are run to earth by hounds, and then dug out and killed with a humane-killer pistol, carried for this purpose by the Hunt staff. Every gamekeeper and earth-stopper knows the exact location of the fox-earths in his area, and there is nothing to prevent foxes being destroyed in this manner without preliminary harassment across country by a pack of hounds and a large body of horsemen who, not infrequently, leave a trail of damage behind them.

Foxhunting is anachronistic to modern agriculture, and should now be replaced by draghunting.

ROBERT CHURCHWARD

Stoke Fleming
Devon

ADDER BITES

SIR, – Your readers may be interested to learn that the Nature Conservancy, at their Furzebrook Research Station, have just completed a three-year study into the general ecology of the Adder. This was carried out by Mr Ian Prestt.

The results of the work, which also take into account the treatment by local doctors and veterinary surgeons of Adder bites, are at present being prepared for publication. The study has already enabled the Conservancy to give advice to farmers and a local health authority on ways of minimising the danger from Adder bites.

We are also able to report that we have made a cine-film of the fighting (the 'dance') of male Adders, but we do not feel that we should claim the guinea offered by your correspondent!

M. BLACKMORE

The Nature Conservancy
19 Belgrave Square, SW1

OXFORD CONFERENCE

SIR, – May I ask the courtesy of your columns to draw attention to a forthcoming conference likely to interest many readers of the NEW STATESMAN?

It is a residential conference, taking place from 24-29 July at St Peter's College, Oxford, and arranged by the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. The subject is the raising of living standards in the less-developed countries, with special emphasis on the emerging continent of Africa. Lectures will include Dr Neil Duncan (who hopes soon to start a Flying Doctor Service in Nigeria), Mr Alec Dickson (of Voluntary Service Overseas, Britain's own 'Peace Corps'), Mr G. B. Masefield, of the Department of Agriculture, Oxford University, and Mrs Shirley Williams.

There will be a reduced fee for students. Details can be obtained from The Conference Secretary, Oxtam, 17 Broad Street, Oxford

ARTHUR N. RUCKER

THE WRITER AND COMMITMENT

SIR, – Steven Marcus sets out to review John Mander's *The Writer and Commitment* and raises some interesting questions. But he then debouches into a long, tetchy, and reproachful commentary on the attitude of the New Left to Orwell.

As to the first part of his review, I would only like to say that John Mander's book seems to me to be very much better, more original, and more closely argued than a reader of this review would suppose. So far from being 'tortuously hesitant' Mr Mander's probing analysis always leads on to judgments whose decision and clarity are a refreshing contrast to the self-conscious displays of sensibility and the shrouded ambiguities which are so modish today. Even when we disagree with him, we remain grateful to Mr Mander for helping us to understand why.

In the second part Steven Marcus tells us that 'there have been a striking number of critical pieces, written by members or affiliates of the New Left' whose dominant impulse is to negate the influence of Orwell I may have missed out on some 'affiliates', but I can think immediately of only three studies of this sort – Raymond Williams's essay in *Culture and Society*, a comment of my own in *Out of Apathy*, and Mr Mander's chapter. Since the emphases of these studies are so different, I can see no basis for the accusation that Mr Mander is writing 'out of reference to some orthodoxy of opinion', and that his criticism of Orwell's ambivalent attitudes towards the Socialist movement and towards working-people resembles 'a kind of ritual offering of one's *bone fides*'

The boot is surely on the other foot? If we look for an orthodoxy today it is that of quietism and of political disengagement (which often turns out to be the Thirties Follies standing on their heads). Steven Marcus makes his own 'ritual offering' – he tells the names like a rosary: 'John Stuart Mill, Matthew Arnold, D. H. Lawrence and F. R. Leavis', figures who 'have the power of acting, so to speak, as moral touchstones'. I might string my own rosary and add to his names those of Swift, Blake, the Ruskin of *Unto This Last* and the Morris of *Commonweal*. It would serve the purpose of reminding us that commitment to humanist affirmations can, in certain contexts, be no less 'grim, complex and rigorous' than commitment to the values of liberal criticism. And this, it seems to me, is where the disenchanted of the Thirties, and Orwell in his later years, can be seen to have failed.

I do not think that many English Socialist intellectuals need lecturing on the difficulty of containing the 'radical impulse' and the 'disciplining impulse' within a common commitment. We also have our own 'sufficient experience'. This experience is what Mr Mander's book is about. In taking the discussion away from generalities and back to the tensions within particular writers, he reveals the shallowness of the orthodoxy which Steven Marcus rehearses. I am glad to see that he has drawn blood.

E. P. THOMPSON

Whitegate
Halifax

EYSENCK AND MAUDSLEY

SIR, – Maurice Richardson's contributions are generally so well-informed that when for once he makes a misleading statement it is well worth while to correct it. I refer to the last paragraph of his review on 16 June of the *Handbook of Abnormal Psychology*, edited by Professor Eysenck, where he speaks of 'the Eysenck-dominated mensuration-obsessed approach as represented by the Maudsley'.

Professor Eysenck holds the Chair of Psycho-

WHY COULDN'T THEY PUT THEM SOMEWHERE ELSE?

Since Jim and Mary were here last, the transmission towers have appeared. Why couldn't they put them somewhere else? This couple will soon be back in town—switching on the light, the kettle, the oven. She'll do some ironing; he'll use his power drill; they will both watch T.V. The current they use may reach them along the power line they dislike. There were several possible paths for these towers. One wasn't just plotted on the map. Men stood here to judge the effect, to balance the needs of power with the natural lie of the land . . . men of the Central Electricity Generating Board, who, by Act of Parliament, are charged with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply and preserve as far as possible visual amenity.

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logy at the Institute of Psychiatry (University of London). This has, it is true, close links with the associated post-graduate teaching hospital, or rather joint hospital, Bethlem Royal and Maudsley. The hospital's university affiliation makes it appropriate that there should be catholicity of approach to psychiatry, and like Maurice Richardson many members of the staff no doubt find value in much of the work done in Professor Eysenck's department. But to one who has been on the hospital's staff for the last quarter century the description 'Eysenck-dominated' is ludicrous; yet one knows that many less knowledgeable people share Maurice Richardson's misconception. If figures are needed to substantiate what might otherwise be dismissed as a mere personal opinion, it may interest your readers to know that the Maudsley teaching staff at present includes three members and an associate member of the British Psycho-Analytical Society, and that of the seven psychoanalysts who have been Presidents of the British Psycho-Analytical Society since its foundation, three have been consultant physicians at the Maudsley; one of these is also President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association.

Maudsley Physician

Sir, – Maurice Richardson's review of two psychological books in your last issue is a fine example not only of exhibitionist and prejudiced reviewing, but also of the curious phenomenon that non-specialist journals like the New Statesman regard it as one of their functions to provide reviews of books in the science of psychology – though not in, say, that of biochemistry or metallurgy or venereology. This is one of the results of the association between what one standard elementary text on general psychology calls the 'literary and mystical psychology' of psychoanalysis, on the one hand, and the science of psychology, on the other. To quote the authors of *the* standard textbook on psychiatry, psychoanalysis 'is very popular with half-baked amateur psychologists, journalists, novelists and literary critics, but is in the main found antipathetic by neurologists, physicians, and psychiatrists with any extensive experience with clinical practice'.

ENCOUNTER

The July issue, just out, includes

H. R. Trevor-Roper

A. J. P. TAYLOR AND HITLER

Malcolm Muggeridge

THE QUEEN AND I

Mary McCarthy

AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS

C. A. R. Crosland

ENGLISH EDUCATION

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Other contributions by: **T. S. Eliot, Melvin J. Lasky, Marcus Cunliffe, Edward Shils,** and **Nigel Dennis.**

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

In this review, two-and-a-half times as much space is devoted to a re-hashed popularisation of psychoanalytical writings as to a major, new, original work in abnormal psychology. The space would have been allotted more appropriately – assuming it is at all appropriate for a review of the second type of work to appear in this place (Mr Richardson obviously couldn't even begin to cope with it) – had the reviewer gone blindly by the relative prices of the two books and given 35 times as much space to the latter as to the former. The ignorance of psychology he displays, together with the characteristic naïveté of the dabbler in psychoanalysis, precludes discussion. To judge from what he writes and the way he writes it, his sole qualification for expressing opinions in this field would appear to be that he has experienced psychological problems so great as to drive him to undergo the brain-washing techniques of psychoanalysis. That, fairly typically, this has not been altogether successful is indicated by the emotional disturbance that convulses him at mention of the name Eysenck – though it may have made him feel better by allowing him to give free play to his 'obscene or otherwise (sic) fantasies'. Whether this is a real improvement would require the objective appraisal of an outside observer to determine.

At any rate, the editor of a journal such as the New Statesman is surely not obliged to accept petty, personal invective as the substance of a review?

J. Edwin Macdonald

25 Sydenham Rise,
SE23

PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS?

Sir, – Mr Alvarez hails the 'coming of age' of criticism as 'a serious discipline with professional standards and techniques'. I am reminded of Robert Graves insisting on 'professional standards' for poetry – and incidentally arriving at some highly individual critical judgments that have sorely embarrassed the 'professional critics' who had already admitted him to their pantheon.

I deplore the fashionable cult of 'professionalism'. Even in science and medicine it has done harm, and in the arts it is much more damaging, for there is much less there that can be confidently pronounced 'objective' and placed beyond the hazards of love and hatred. Why should Aldous Huxley, or anybody else, refrain from writing an entertainingly discursive essay just because some other people have taken to writing strenuous, 'eye-on-the-ball' pieces that have then been 'puffed' as the only permissible kind of critical writing? It must have been very exasperating for Mr Alvarez to have to contend at Oxford with the 'urbane man-of-letters' tradition he so despises; although it does not appear to have done him very much harm 'professionally'. But it seems to me that critics of his persuasion wish to replace a loosely organised, no doubt rather corrupt but on the whole benevolent despotism by a streamlined 'scientific' dictatorship which I for one (and I am not an old man yet) would find much harder to endure.

In fact, I would say, the outlook on poetry and on imaginative literature in general which appears to prevail among the critics whom Mr Alvarez would recognize as 'professional' is the academic lees of a very sour wine of 'romantic anti-romanticism' which came originally from the vineyards of T. E. Hulme, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot (though mellowed by the persistence in Eliot, thank heavens, of the 'man-of-letters' tradition). Just how 'romantic' and 'soft-centred' this attitude can be, underneath its strident 'modernity' and 'tough rationality', Mr Alvarez showed a while ago in the BBC 'Critics' programme by his enthusiastic defence of that doleful exercise in self-pity and self-regarding 'personal love', the film *Hiroshima Mon Amour.*

It seems to me that imaginative writing is closely akin to the imaginative experience of love; and we all know what happens to love when it becomes a profession!

Osmond Robb

St Cuthbert's Avenue
Dumfries

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Sir. – What's wrong with Peter Marris that in his review of the NSPCC book *This Is Your Child* he didn't appear to appreciate the fact that millions of children have suffered less and had their lives saved because of this organisation? He absurdly implies that the danger of children being taken from good parents is as great as that of children being rescued from bad. Yet the book describes at some length the measures taken to do all in their power to keep families together – in some cases over-estimating the powers of the parents and incurring further suffering for the child.

He says the fundamental need is rather for the prevention of cruel parents (we mustn't indulge ourselves with too much lofty indignation, etc, etc). What does Mr Marris suggest – mass psycho-analysis? There is only one way to prevent cruel parents: as the book says, break the spiral of brutality which travels from grandparent to parent to child. If we have learnt one thing from Freud, it is that the surest way of breaking the spiral is to see that the current generation of children are treated well enough to be able to love.

Jill Neville

43 Cleveland Square, W2

THE LOST SEVEN MILLION

Sir, – Owing to a telephonic misunderstanding when I was dictating my article on Fleet Street last week, the total circulation of the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People* was given as ten million. This should have read 'approximately 17 million'. The figures as printed give the impression that the readership of serious newspapers has nearly caught up with that of the sensational publications. Unhappily this is by no means the case.

Arthur Christiansen

WHERE WAS KUO?

Sir, – I am corrected by Ivor Montagu and I apologise. Kuo Mo-jo was in Cuba earlier this year but was back in Peking at the time of the American invasion. Apart from playing tennis with Ivor Montagu, he was able to write a justifiably fierce article in the *Jen-min Jih-pao* which I quoted. He recalled that during his stay in Cuba as head of the Chinese Friendship Delegation he heard that US marines were prepared to land and that he saw with his own eyes 'the staunch determination and action by the 6,400,000 people of Cuba to defend independence with their lives'.

Student of the Chinese Press

STORY WITH A ZIP

Sir, – I was interested to read Charon's report of his tailor's story of the lady's gauzy billows locked in the gentleman's trouser zip. The tale has actually already been told with only trivial differences in Thurber's recent *Lanterns and Lances*. He uses the story to illustrate the modern decline in humour – since none of the parties dared laugh.

Do Charon and Thurber patronize the same tailor? Does Charon's tailor read Thurber? Is this incident becoming epidemic in the western world? Or are the stories being promoted by the button-makers' lobby?

Halla Beloff

36 Marlborough Park South
Belfast

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Man of Character

A. ALVAREZ

It is strange how rarely scientific genius goes with a genius for living, even when the science was, like Freud's, the science of human nature. Without the respectful preface by the editor, his son Ernst, an innocent reader might suppose that this selection of Freud's letters* represented a mild attempt to explode the myth of the great man. For it presents Freud without psychoanalysis, either *en pantoufles* or as an unwillingly famous man writing to other famous men. For various reasons Ernst Freud has left out all the technical letters: the crucial 15-years exchange with Wilhelm Fliess because much of it has already been printed in Kris's *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*; the correspondence with his early collaborators because it may, sooner or later, be used for a similar purpose; the letters to his patients because, says the editor, they 'are jealously guarded by them – and rightly so – as their private property'. Even so, there was no lack of material: the final 315 letters were chosen from some 4,000. And since Ernst Freud admits that he was not trying to produce from them a biography to supplement Ernest Jones's, the image he has created of his father – this effect of Freudian slippers – is presumably deliberate.

It seems, in a truly Freudian way, a mutilated image, that of the betrothed medico rather than of the founder of psychoanalysis. The first half of the volume is given over to letters written during his four-and-a-half year engagement to Martha Bernays; the 50 years of Freud's great achievement is crammed into the last half. Of course, there is a fascination in watching Freud go through the usual fatigue-drill of courtship: depressed by poverty and separation, elated as his meetings with his fiancée come and go, at times jealous, at others heavily playful ('With 100,000 kisses, all of which are to be cashed'). But reassuring though it may be to think 'Love made him weep his pints like you and me', it is not quite true. Even as a writer of love-letters, Freud was remarkable less for the intensity of his feelings than for his sanity. He rephrased the standard romantic anxiety – 'Ah love, let us be true to one another' – into something calmer and more domestic: 'Let us love one another and work'. His love-letters show, at least, that the guiding principles of his character – balance, devotion and tenacity – were present from the start, like the twin strengths of his intellect: his extraordinary ability to remember details and to relate one to another.

Nevertheless, despite the occasional insights into his character, Freud's life during his engagement was monotonous and his work relatively unimportant. He was simply another good doctor, making discoveries in histology, adding to his reputation as a neurologist, up to his ears in work, hospital politics and routine, ambitious, delighted to be taken up socially by senior doctors, worried about his career, the correctness of his dress and the impression he made. His real work did not begin until he was securely married. Before that, the enforced tedium of his life was something he felt he must justify:

> I remember something that occurred to me while watching a performance of *Carmen*: The mob gives vent to its appetites, and we deprive ourselves. We deprive ourselves in order to maintain our integrity, we economise in our health, our capacity for enjoyment, our emotions; we save ourselves for something, not knowing what. And this habit of constant suppression of natural instincts gives us the quality of refinement.

It was only after he had become wholly at one with Viennese respectability that he was free to explore the chaos beneath the placid surface of middle-class refinement.

His discoveries were the outcome of a personal crisis which lasted all through the Nineties, a decade in which, according to Ernest Jones, 'he suffered from a very considerable psychoneurosis'. It was a period of great loneliness and disturbance: his old professor Meynert had denounced him, his close friend Breuer would no longer collaborate in his researches, and his only confident was Fliess, the cranky mathematical-physiologist for whom Freud developed a passionate obsession. The way out of this waste land of ten years was his self-analysis, and the result was his masterpiece, *The Interpretation of Dreams*. His genius, in short, was precipitated by an extended, intense and unconventional anxiety. And it took all his genius finally to attain an inner calm to match the unruffled surface of his routine life. One would scarcely suspect it from this collection of letters. For the whole period, 1890-1900, Ernst Freud – who, perhaps significantly, was born in 1892 – prints only 11 of his father's letters; and they barely hint at the urgency and power of the intellectual effort he was making and the anguish that accompanied it.

No doubt the editor had his reasons for this censorship by omission. It imposes, for instance, a remarkable continuity on Freud's life and habits. The detailed accounts of hospital life which he sent daily to Martha Bernays become, 20 years later, the rather impersonal family letters of a dutifully thorough traveller, remorselessly reporting the sights, theatres and operas on his annual holiday; the conventionally anxious lover is transformed into the conventionally domesticated man: 'The weather is getting more and more glorious, the city [Rome] more and more marvellous. Yesterday I handed in my linen to be washed'. The politics change from the more or less petty hospital tensions to the grander manoeuvres of the Psychoanalytical Congresses. What Freud early described as his capacity for 'hating someone on intellectual grounds, just because he is a fool' grows impressively stronger as his own work matures: in this collection there is only one really savage denunciation of a colleague (Stekel), but a good deal of ruthless disagreement. His honesty was overwhelming, but I have the impression that Freud as a critic may not quite have known the power of his own punch. On the other hand, his generosity and unsentimental warmth when he is assured of a colleague's support remain as constant as his devotion to hard work. One can even see method in his very lack of madness: perhaps the endless patience with which he endured his protracted engagement became, in his professional life, the informing discipline of psychoanalysis.

What the editor has created, in fact, is an image of Freud not as a genius but as a kind of psychoanalytic ideal. Analysts are constantly suggesting, with the faint complacency of those who have come through, that their rarest, strongest word of praise is 'normal'. So by skimming over the Fliess episode and presenting his father first as a family man, then as a famous public figure, very little as a scientist and scarcely at all as the neurotic who once wrote 'I have been very lazy, because the moderate misery necessary for intensive work refuses to appear', Ernst Freud seems to insist that the founder of psychoanalysis was also a living example of the discipline's final aim: a normal, harmonious, hard-working citizen.

Perhaps this became necessary directly Freud's work ceased to be the exclusive domain of the professionals and emerged to influence the life of everyone, literate or otherwise, this side of the Iron Curtain. Today one need not have opened one of Freud's books to pronounce on slips and symbolism, the death-wish, Oedipus and the rest. Even a Western is no longer thought chic unless, in the final reel, the gunman stutters out his childhood trauma. So, on the popular level, Freud's name is associated with an infinite amount of half-baked mystification. To make matters worse, he was a genius; and the fantasy figure of the Genius has not yet been cut free from the Romantics who invented it. A Genius, that is, moves in utterly mysterious ways as Inspiration dictates. On these terms, Freud is transformed from a highly trained specialist to a kind of William Blake of the science of the unconscious. Nothing could be less true. After their first meeting, he wrote to Ferenczi,

> You were disappointed because you probably expected to swim in constant intellectual stimulation, whereas I hate nothing more than striking up attitudes and out of contrariness frequently let myself go. As a result I was probably most of the time a quite ordinary elderly gentleman, and you in astonishment kept measuring the distance between me and your phantasy ideal.

Yet, for all his assertions of conventionality, Freud managed to revolutionise our whole understanding of human nature. So it seems odd at first that his personal letters are such heavy-going and, compared with those of Keats or Lawrence, seem to show relatively little insight. The truth, however, is not simply that Freud was a great man but, despite the excellent translations of Tania and James Stern, a rather dull letter-writer. It entails, instead, an attention to the particular way his genius worked. The clue lies in a letter to a writer whom he enormously admired, Romain Rolland:

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* *Letters of Sigmund Freud.* Edited by ERNST L. FREUD. *Hogarth.* 50s.

> Our terms such as regression, narcissism, pleasure-principle are of a purely descriptive nature and don't carry within themselves any valuation.

Scientific and artistic genius work, in fact, in precisely opposite ways. The artist's method is normative: that is, he uses his art to impose a unity on his chaotic experience, he tries to create standards out of his knowledge of his lack of them (which is, I suppose, much like Freud's own view of art as compensation). The scientist's method, on the other hand, is the product of norms, a matter of clear thinking, tenacity and a kind of logical courage – and courage, Freud insisted, was his most important Jewish characteristic. This is presumably what he meant when he described his hero Charcot as 'a man whose common sense borders on genius', why he constantly asserted that he himself was not 'brilliant' and that the writers he admired 'know through intuition – or rather from detailed self-observation – everything I have discovered by laborious work on other people'.

Where the artist's work is an attempt to create sanity, the scientist's is a product of it. Perhaps this is why so many scientists are such boring men: a certain level of tedium is an essential condition for their work. So though the original impulse which set Freud's genius in motion may have been neurotic, his final achievement was the result of the opposite: of assurance and method. 'It was', he wrote to Stefan Zweig, after reading Zweig's essay on him, 'less the result of intellect than of character'. 'On the other hand', Freud continued, 'I feel inclined to object to the emphasis you put on the element of *petit-bourgeois* correctness in my person'. But object to it or not, correctness was as necessary to Freud's work as hysterical epilepsy was to Dostoievsky's: it was an outward and visible sign of the strength on which his talent relied.

So, in the end, perhaps the editor is justified in producing a portrait of his father as a conventional middle-class man. The trouble is that it is liable to seem so much less than the truth. For Freud was a scientific genius and a genius only when he was being scientific, when he was talking shop. In the whole of this bulky volume there are only a few examples of his unique mode of insight at work: brief, incisive analyses of Napoleon, Dostoievsky and Charlie Chaplin, a letter to a mother on her son's homosexuality and a marvellous pre-analytical case-history of the suicide of a colleague at his Neurological Clinic. For the rest, Ernst Freud has produced a tribute less to his father's achievement than to the plain, solid foundations on which it rested.

Socialist Cerberus

Party Politics. Volume 2: the Growth of Parties. By Sir Ivor Jennings. *Cambridge. 45s.*

A Short History of the Labour Party. By Henry Pelling. *Macmillan. 21s.*

Why should our academic pundits be knocked off balance whenever they come to study the Labour Party? Here, for example, is Sir Ivor Jennings, constitutional lawyer, head of a Cambridge college and, in normal circumstances, an impeccable exponent of historical objectivity. Yet, in this second part of his three-volume study of party politics, a strange kind of radical irresponsibility afflicts his treatment of politics. It is his central contention that all our left-wing leaders, from Gladstone to Hugh Gaitskell, have been conducting a sham battle, knowing it to be a sham. Of course, he bluffly assures us that, in behaving in this way, they are doing their duty as responsible leaders, even though it unfortunately involves them in systematically deceiving their followers. For Sir Ivor is convinced that the working of the British Parliamentary system depends on a secret accord between the pukka Conservatives of the Right and the crypto-Conservatives of the Left. And so it is with wholehearted approval that he roundly asserts:

> Among the leaders of the three major parties today there is so much common ground that, if they changed parties, the results would hardly be noticeable.

As a jibe in *Tribune*, this would just pass. But when we find it in what purports to be an objective history, we begin to realise what violent prejudices are still at work when academics write about the Labour Party.

One possible explanation of Sir Ivor's aberrations is that he believed the eulogies with which Mr Robert McKenzie's *British Political Parties* was received by the critics. As the first thorough study of the British party system since Ostrogorsky's, it is, of course, an extremely important book. But its main conclusion about the Labour Party has always seemed to me to be wilfully wrongheaded. This conclusion is that, under the Attlee regime, the Labour Party developed a streamlined system of party oligarchy, indistinguishable from that of the Tories. Theoretically, of course, there is a wide difference between the Conservative Party, which constitutionally relegates policy-making to the Leader, and the Labour Party, where policy is made from below at annual conference. But Mr McKenzie was at great pains to explain that, although Lord Attlee subscribed to this myth in public, he took steps to ensure that it bore little relation to the realities of power inside the party.

Thus we are presented with a picture of a wild and woolly infant Labour Party – a semi-revolutionary organisation – being groomed and trimmed until it was fit to play its part as the other half of the two-party system. Ramsay MacDonald, it appears, was not the first traitor but the first domesticator of British Socialism, and Lord Attlee differs from him not in his aims but in the success with which he achieved them.

To be fair, Mr McKenzie evolved this thesis when Labour was in office and the Party outside seemed as firmly controlled by the Parliamentary leadership as that of the Tories. Ever since his book was published, however, history has conspired to make nonsense of it. But, instead of revising it to

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accord with the facts, he has preferred to rebuke the Labour Party for failing to conform with his theories.

I had hoped that Mr Pelling, who has made himself a detached and perceptive historian of the Labour Movement, would make good these deficiencies, but he has knocked up a lightweight pot-boiler instead of the serious history we had the right to expect. At 21 shillings, these 126 pages of very large print are short measure, and it is no excuse to argue that the title warns us what is in store. However, this little book does at least expose the distortions committed by Mr Pelling's two main academic predecessors.

Unlike Sir Ivor, he sees the difference between a Conservative Party, based on the principle of deference, and left-wing parties, whose mainspring is protest. Unlike Mr McKenzie, he recognises the role of the trade unions inside the Labour Party and traces the continuous tension between parliamentary and extra-parliamentary forces, which never ceases to subject the Labour Party and the whole Labour Movement to the danger of splits. Indeed, if his little book has a central theme, it is the conflict between the Party in Parliament and the Party outside. Partly as a result of MacDonald's strong leadership and partly of the failure of the general strike, this conflict was resolved during the Twenties in favour of the parliamentarians. But in 1931 Macdonald completely misjudged the strength of his personal ascendancy. Instead of splitting the Parliamentary Party when he joined the National Government and taking half of it over with him, he utterly discredited it in the eyes of the movement outside. As a result, in August 1931 the TUC and the National Executive took control, rallied the morale of the rank and file and so enabled the Labour Party to survive the electoral cataclysm. One important consequence, however, of MacDonald's defection was that Labour politics during the 1930s was dominated by the TUC. In 1935 Ernest Bevin was powerful enough, from his place on the General Council, to have George Lansbury sacked from the Parliamentary leadership, and in 1937 he and his colleagues compelled a reluctant Parliamentary leadership to stop opposing rearmament.

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During the war, and under the post-war Labour Government, the pendulum swung once again. Power was regained by the leaders at Westminster – who now included Ernest Bevin. This period of Parliamentary ascendancy lasted until 1951. Then the Bevanite revolt and the defeat of the Labour Government inaugurated what Mr Pelling describes as a decade of 'dissension and decline'. Its basic cause was the failure of all sections of the Labour Movement, industrial as well as political, to adapt themselves to the new conditions of the Affluent Society.

By concentrating on the personal struggle in the leadership, Mr Pelling has neglected three vital aspects of party history – the growth of the central machine and its relation to the unions, local rank-and-file activity and, most important of all, the shifting relations between the party and the public. In his strangely neglected book, *The Trade Unions and the Labour Party since 1945*, Mr Martin Harrison has shown how much can be learnt by a detailed sociological study of these impersonal factors. Nevertheless, Mr Pelling's account of the see-saw conflict between Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary forces does at least dispose of the McKenzie-Jennings myth that Labour's strength was achieved by substituting centralised authority for party democracy and that we have got into trouble recently by taking our Constitution seriously. In fact, as he shows, our party democracy and the written Constitution within which it is framed have conditioned our whole history. This federal hybrid, with its ambiguous division of powers, is as unworkable as the constitution of the United States; and here, as there, the test of a leader is whether he can make it work. But it has had one advantage. As a result of the tension it set up between Parliamentary and non-Parliamentary leadership, the party has grown into a Cerberus – when one head fails, it can still bite with the other mouth. Be it noted, however, that Cerberus is only likely to rout his enemies when both heads bark in tune.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Dionysiad

Name and Address. By T. S. MATTHEWS. *Blond. 30s.*

There being no daily newspapers in England (except the *Daily Telegraph*), I rely considerably on the Luce magazine *Time*. The amalgam of hyper-orientation to success, brisk sentimentality and vigilante-rider hysteria is a uniquely (and successfully) American product, combining in its tone the anxious inquisitiveness of the European immigrant and the moral priggishness of the Ivy League litterateur. Its letters-to-the-editors column is the world's most frightening, it has the only science and medical columns I can understand, its music department is a model. The conceit-laden style is brilliantly readable, a monument to arch dishonesty, putting one in the way of reality in something like the manner of low-grade hemp or high-grade Irish on a gloomy afternoon.

Whenever, as private citizen or journalist, I have followed up one of its stories, I have rarely found *Time* anything but unfair and unreliable. Something snidely alchemical appears to happen to fact as it is filtered from the excellent research and reporting staff to the men in the upstairs graveyard, where reside some of the most acute and intelligent minds in American journalism. A minor feature of the literary scene is the occasional novel or sociological jeremiad written by one of these men as a disguised form of protest against his boss – the rather mysterious, extremely powerful, China-hipped (and, it appears, somewhat dull) husband of the ex-ambassadress to Rome, Henry Luce.

T. S. Matthews, Luce's former managing editor and 24 years in the vineyards, does not protest. He worries and wonders, knows where the bodies are buried but out of decency to colleagues, an honest confusion about his part in the damage done, self-confessed emotional constipation and a peculiarly uninformative kind of moral fatigue, won't split on his pals. 'In 1952,' he writes,

> when it sniffed victory in the air at long last, there was no holding *Time*. The distortions, suppressions and slanting of its political 'news' seemed to me to pass the bounds of politics and to commit an offence against the ethics of journalism.

There is something sad, touching and preposterous about a middle-aged doxy crying rape. Arthur Christiansen would sooner cut his throat than write anything like that.

The shy, strictly-raised son of a sonorous high-church Cincinnati bishop and a gentle, coping soap heiress (the savagely perfect parental unit, one feels, for a future *Time* editor), Matthews grew up to be a conventional and usable man desperately anxious for material success, 'to show them'. Well-educated, broadly travelled, he tried and was repelled by the radicalism of the *New Republic* under Bliven. After virtually no inner struggle, he deliberately bureaucratised his literary talent to work for the early, brasher, more apolitical *Time*, which he says he loathed from the first moment over the threshold.

The Bishop taught him how to punch-pull on all outstanding emotional issues, Henry Luce how to turn this trait inside out and direct it at the world professionally and intellectually. The autobiography follows logically, a too-brief essay in cautious mordancy. Measured Freudianism substitutes for useful revelation; 'mellowness' becomes a means of avoiding the self-confrontations he says he has funked all his life. (A conscientious objector, he went into uniform; the first four days of a two-week holiday to write a sympathetic book about a condemned murderer were spent on a tennis court.) Again and again, he appeals to a judge only to find himself his own judge and wanting. The unconscious hope seems to be that the density of backcloth, merely stated, will compensate for the thinness of information. It doesn't wash. Dodsworth emerges but with Babbitt's hand over his mouth. Today, he lives in London, drinks a good deal and reads the NEW STATESMAN.

The best chapters come early. The joyless rectories in Ohio and New Jersey, deeply remembered and strictly recalled. Guilt-ridden dreams of damnation; father a tin-pot but not altogther unadmirable Jehovah-*manqué*; mother sweet, loving, all her life neutralising the special poisons of hysteria an upper-middle-class woman of late-Victorian America inevitably produced. Conventional family life enthroned, enviable and debasing: a manual in the destruction of children through 'proper upbringing'. Try as he will, Matthews is bitter. His opposing tendencies he likes to think are Dionysian, but a Rotarian *en levée* at Atlantic City would know more about this condition than an ancient Greek. American puritanism at its holiest has got him by the throat, always has had.

This is not to sneer at Matthews. He seems really to be trying to figure out what went wrong. Nothing did.

CLANCY SIGAL

Three Ages of Yeats

Essays and Introductions. By W. B. YEATS. *Macmillan. 36s.*

Yeats's prose is not equal to his verse, but like a royal consort walks one pace behind it. The problem of enforcing his personality in prose was difficult for him. He was too accustomed to rail at the bloodlessness of ideas to be baldly discursive; yet he did not feel easy in colouring his prose to the point where the outlines of content became indistinct. He resolved the problem by making his style gracious, even (as he himself recognised) too gracious, and a little vague.

The vagueness is not so much the result of the many generalised words or 'abstractions' which Yeats later asked Ezra Pound to mark for him so he could avoid them in the future. It comes rather from his practice of surrounding incisive phrases with a cushion of coaxing explanations. The result, especially in his early prose, is that too much is conceded in order to win over a possibly hostile audience. The essays look sidelong. Yeats afterwards began to wonder if he had been evasive, though he also knew he had reasons for not talking directly as if to someone at breakfast.

He never spoke without qualifications, but the early essays are qualified with less robustness than later. 'Magic' (1901) begins,

> I believe in the practice and philosophy of what we have agreed to call magic, in what I must call the evocation of spirits, though I do not know what they are, in the power of creating magical illusions, in the visions of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed . . .

Here the decelerated phrases like 'of what we have agreed to call' make it impossible to tell whether Yeats is talking about occult or poetical magic. The fact that he wishes to mingle the two does not deprive the sentence of an element of rhythmical cajolery. It is difficult, for this reason, to quote Yeats's opinions out of context. He praises an Irish curse because its vehemence 'took out of bitterness half the anger with all the gloom'. His own words are scarcely separable from their atmosphere, whether this is gracious or, as it finally becomes, vehement. This heavy load of context has kept them from having the influence over impatient young men to which their intelligence entitles them.

In the new volume of *Essays and Introductions,* the publishers have included two books of Yeats's essays which have been out of print, a group of introductions to books written between 1914 and 1936, and three introductions written in 1937 for a projected edition of all Yeats's work. A great many of his essays are not included, on grounds that are unstated and arbitrary; but the book has none the less a kind of unity. It focuses on three subjects the first aesthetic, the second social, the last metaphysical.

The title of the first essays, *Ideas of Good and Evil,* is misleading. Yeats pursues not ideas but images, and is generally indifferent to good and evil. What he does instead in these essays is to establish symbolism as his method and justification. Although symbolism was given an English habitation chiefly by Arthur Symons, Yeats clearly preceded him in adopting the term as standard, and in persuading Symons that the writers of this school were more accurately described as symbolists than as 'decadents'. What is impressive about Yeats's writings on this subject is that he tries much harder than Symons to understand the implications of symbolism, and consequently is the first critic in English to consider writers like William Morris and Shelley in terms of their ruling symbols rather than of other qualities. In so delineating other poets he makes clear his own technique, of fastening with great pressure upon traditional images until they alter and flower.

The second book of essays, *The Cutting of an Agate,* takes the symbolist aesthetic for granted and fixes the character of the hero and his connection with society. The examples of heroism are John Synge, John O'Leary and others, writers or men of action being equally admissible. The kind of heroic

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mind Yeats espouses is abounding and nonchalant, capable of expressing or repudiating or reshaping popular feeling in accordance with its own laws. The relation of a dramatist to his audience becomes emblematic of the larger relationship, and Yeats's own work for the theatre during this period helps him to be subtle and authoritative.

The later introductions speculate on reality. Many of them deal with Asiatic seers and Europeans who share some of their qualities. Yeats is attracted to the East not so much for its own sake as for what it can do to heal the European over-emphasis on physical and material things. His favourite wise men are those who incorporate the supernatural without giving up the natural. To express this point of view the writing becomes more spare, and substitutes a wry impudence for the old graciousness. Where the earlier essays understate, the later ones overstate. Yeats seems half-amused by this development, as when he begins one essay by saying, 'I know nothing but the novels of Balzac and the Aphorisms of Patanjali. I once knew other things, but I am an old man with a poor memory.' Then, as if suddenly only too aware of the folly of self-assertion, he goes on, 'There must be some reason why I wanted to write that lying sentence, for it has been in my head for weeks.' Balzac suits his mood as both a mystic and a great eater.

The last essays, written for the complete edition of his work, are chiefly recapitulative, although the discussion of the persistent use of a phantasmagoria by poets goes beyond the earlier symbolist theory. The statement of his point of view is always more challenging, as when he defends tradition: 'Talk to me of originality and I will turn on you with rage. I am a crowd, I am a lonely man, I am nothing. Old salt is best packing'. Or when he comments on his Irishness: 'I am not nationalist, except in Ireland for passing reasons'. His refusal to accept, or to relinquish, the world around him has become more pungent. Not only by statement but also by a quickened rhythm and by a dignity of attitude which his age and fame sanction, he urges the world to muster up a more whole and noble heart.

Richard Ellmann

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Noble Bandits

The Outlaws of Medieval Legend. By Maurice Keen. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Outlaws and noble bandits are all the same, at any rate in theory. Their tasks are 'to combat tyranny, to eradicate abuse, to avenge the oppressed and to restore the dispossessed to their rightful inheritance'. Mr Keen's definition of the legendary medieval British outlaw's role would be approved by ballad-singers in the Anatolian highlands, Calabria or the Russian plains, and by the writers of chap-books including those of inter-war Vienna, where schoolboys read penny dreadfuls about 'the avenger of the disinherited' He dies by treachery like Robin Hood, William Wallace in Blind Harry's tale, and innumerable real and mythical outlaws of the peasantry; for how else can he be detected among his people, whom he so resembles that the Sheriff of Nottingham cannot even recognise him in his disguise (all outlaws continually put on disguise) as a potter or a charcoal burner? He takes from the most unpopular of the rich, which in Medieval England meant the lawyers and clerics, and gives to the poor. But he is no criminal, for he has his rules. Eustace the Monk or Robin Hood ask their victims how much money they have on them, and if they speak the truth about their poverty, they are not robbed:

> The abbot lost what he had
> Only because he lied.

The outlaw, in fact, is not an outlaw from the *real* law, which it is his business to uphold – Gamelyn sits as judge with 12 brigands as jurymen, and condemns the justice and the sheriff. He stands against the perversion of the law by wicked and oppressive men. That is why the outlaw always makes his peace with the king, or gets the king's pardon, for the true king, in Medieval England as in the remote Carpathians, recognises the outlaw's loyalty (as well as his invincibility) once he goes into the matter himself. What is more, the king declares his solidarity with Robin Hood by putting on the outlaw livery of Lincoln green and both go together to Nottingham to celebrate their reconciliation.

Maurice Keen's fascinating book, therefore, is not merely about Medieval Britain. It is about a general pattern of social protest for which precise equivalents can be found from China to, no doubt, Peru. That protest is essentially moderate rather than revolutionary. The outlaw accepts the existing society and seeks merely to correct its abuses. He even, like Robin Hood and Gamelyn (or the robber 'Twisted Finger Balthasar' in 18th-century Germany), reflects the prevalent social hierarchy in his official 'kingship' over his band. If we seek the conscious social revolutionaries of peasant societies, we shall find them among millenarian heretics rather than the conventionally pious brigands.

The non-medievalist must take Mr Keen's specifically historical observations on trust, though he will side with him against the critics who argue that the Robin Hood ballads belong to the gentry rather than the peasantry and lack the note of peasant protest. For it seems plausible that the greatest cycle of outlaw legends should have arisen in the 14th century – in the age which preceded the great Peasants' Revolt – and should represent the ideal self-reliant free yeoman rather than the earlier villein. The 'golden age of the peasantry' is the right setting for the golden age of the free archer's life in the greenwood, the sun-dappled idyll which is Robin Hood's chief contribution to the imagery of utopia. (But Maid Marian and Friar Tuck came into the story after the earliest ballads.) If there was a historic Robin Hood, which Keen doubts, he was like most hero-bandits a man of no significance; a certain Robert Hood of Yorkshire, fugitive, at present seems the likeliest of the original pegs on which legend might have been hung. The major historical figures turned legend (Hereward the Wake, Fulk Fitzwarin, Eustace the Monk, even William Wallace) were not typical people's outlaws, except insofar as some were heroes of the conquered against the conquering race.

But why did the noble outlaw die out so completely in England, which gave birth to his most splendid and typical legend? This is one of the few relevant questions to which Maurice Keen's clear, sympathetic and excellent book provides no answer.

E. J. Hobsbawm

Black Africans

An African Treasury. Edited by Langston Hughes. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The specifically modern culture of a new state in Asia or Africa, or of a colonial territory on the verge of independence, is bound to be predominantly political. This political culture, burdened as it is with grievances and with the competitive effort to reach the largest possible public, soon develops its own platitudes of word and image. Inflation of phrase and staleness of sentiment, the products of repetition and of the restless scramble, are its inevitable features. One of the great necessities of the modern cultural life of the African and Asian countries is to pass beyond the clichés of the political arena into a phase in which an independent eye observes and an independent mind expresses. On however small a scale this step is now being taken in Africa.

Langston Hughes's anthology discloses these two stages. The political parts of his collection – speeches by Tom Mboya and President Nkrumah, essays by Frederick Arkhurst on 'Renascent Africa', 'An Accra Conference Diary' by Ezekiel Mphahlele – are filled with fatigued phrases, limply draped over empty passions. The mould has been so firmly set that even a writer like Mr Mphahlele with very considerable abilities as an observer cannot escape when he writes on a political topic. If Mr Hughes's anthology consisted solely of the claims and counter-claims of political writers on behalf of Africa, it would be of no interest except to a sociologist.

Mr Hughes has not been forced to confine himself to such things, however. There is a new literature growing in Africa, mainly in West Africa so far, although South Africa too has been making a contribution. This is the real thing. It is written by men who are not bedevilled by the fear of being 'black Englishmen' or 'black Frenchmen', and who are not preoccupied with the sterile agitation about *négritude* or 'the African personality.' They write as members of their own societies, with an affectionate understanding of the old generation and the new, of the serious human problems of loneliness and fellowship, dignity and love, the pains of the poor and downcast. Dr Abioseh Nicol, subtle, aloof and humane, Cyprian Ekwensi, in a rustic romantic genre – strange but complementary to the treatment of Lagos sophistication in his novels – reveal an admirable capacity to appreciate the complex life of their fellow-countrymen in town and village; at the same time, they express their own individual judgement as to what is right and wrong in the world. The reportage of Can Themba and Peter Abraham shows the same directness of contact – the same capacity for judgment. Had Mr Hughes reproduced more of these writers and perhaps something of Chinua Achebe, William Conton, and Mr Mphahlele's autobiographical and fictional writings, the anthology would have done more justice to one of the most stirring developments of contemporary culture.

Except for two poems from French-speaking Africa, Mr Hughes has not drawn on the large body of literature, some of it very good indeed, produced there. This gives an impression of editorial haphazardness which is increased by the random presence of undistinguished poems, a few folk tales and some touching excerpts, which illustrate the griefs of South African urban life, from *Africa* and *Drum*.

Edward Shils

Western Values

Carrington. By Michael Straight. *Cape.* 18*s*.

Young Adam. By Alexander Trocchi. *Heinemann.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Experience. By Albert Palle. Translated by Roger Senhouse. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s*.

Peaceable Lane. By Keith Wheeler. *Muller.* 18*s*.

Carrington is a splendid story, tailor-made for a John Ford Western, but lit by a sharp irony which casts shadows among the heroics. The word 'epic' nowadays has become a salesman's euphemism for 'cliché-ridden' in the world of TV horse-opera and cereal-packet Redskins; but just as Ford can sometimes remind the oyster-eyed moviegoer of hard, courageous and shameful episodes in the opening of the West, so Michael Straight, in this novel, brings to complex life a chapter of the Indian Wars that figures only briefly in most of the history books. The date was 1866, the setting Fort Phil Kearny in northern Wyoming, one of a line of stockaded outposts built to protect the new road through the hunting grounds of Red Cloud's Sioux, with whom the US government had sought but failed to sign a Treaty. In command was Colonel Henry Carrington – no John Wayne hero, but a reticent, brooding, intellectuals' soldier who had never seen action and who pitied the Indians he had to fight. Reluctance, as well as wisdom, forbade avenging sorties from his carefully-planned defence-works. But his officers and men were impatient; and on 21 December 81 of them, commanded by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, a Civil War hero, rode out to be ambushed and killed. Carrington was relieved of his command: only years later was he able to establish the truth – but by then it was a matter of old soldiers' tales, and Red Cloud, the great warrior, was blind, his people tamed within their Reservation.

An ex-editor of *The New Republic*, Mr Straight tells the story with a journalist's economy and vividness. But he has, too, a novelist's feeling for the moral conflicts that it involves. His officers, with some exceptions, tend to look and sound alike; his camp sutler, Judge Kinney, is the Great American Charlatan usually played by Louis Calhern or Thomas Mitchell. And cliché blends with epic in his evocation of frontier life – poke bonnets and Biblical phrases in the shelter of the log stockade and the Springfield rifles, the sonorous roll-call of Indian tribes, the Brulés, the Cheyennes, the Ogallalas, the Minnecosis. Much of this comes ready-made from the records. What Mr Straight has shown, in interpreting them, is that a commander can be weak, vacillating, unpopular – and right; that oppressed minorities can be brutal as well as pathetic; that the Nelson touch can be dangerous and silly; and that the Sioux victories could no more hold off the Dawes Act than Carrington's fight to clear his name could prevent posterity remembering Fetterman's.

The complexities of *Carrington* all inform a world of moral certainties, where landmarks like 'courage' and 'honesty' may be qualified by paradox but nevertheless stand firm. With *Young Adam*, by contrast, one enters a kind of *terrains vagues*, or perhaps *nouvelle-vague*, where the simpler values of the Western aren't so much absent as inapplicable. One half expects to see 'Camus was here' scrawled on the peeling plaster. But what is gained in depth is lost in form and structure. It tells the story – in the first person – of an educated young roughneck who works on a barge and seduces the bargee's wife. After a while, we learn that his previous mistress was the girl we met in the first chapter, floating pale and dead on the canal. We learn how she died: we understand the narrator's uneasiness, his desire to burrow and hide in another woman. So far, he seems another Meursault, with the same hypnotic grip on the reader. But then at the last moment *l'Etranger* fades into a conventional coward, feeling shifty remorse for an innocent man condemned as the girl's murderer, and the book's last pages turn into what seems a feeble, inappropriate plea against capital punishment. Feeble because the narrator had the power to stop it: inappropriate, because the rest of the book isn't on this level at all. If Camus was here, he left too early: but while it lasted it was obsessive.

Albert Palle's novel would be similarly compelling if it were better translated. As it is, the book has the somnambulist air of so many Simenon stories: it's rather like walking beside some taciturn, grumpy man who presses on regardless, with no clues as to where one's going or how long it's going to take. *Experience* starts confusingly, with an elderly journalist and his fat photographer getting out of the train in the murk of the early morning, on an assignment to investigate an apparent suicide. The blurb-writer thinks it's near Waterloo, but guesses are as good as maps in this kind of novel, especially since the narrator's nearly blind. His confusing twilight is brilliantly communicated. But what starts out as an exploration of foggy symbols quickly turns into a prolonged and paradoxically crystal-clear flashback to the narrator's youth and his two remembered

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loves. This whole section is absorbing but totally conventional, as if M. Palle were taking a holiday from the cloudy world of the *nouvelle vague*. It spares us some unfortunate attempts at Translator's Onomatopoeia ('So you're playing at g'hide-and-h'go-seek') but not a great deal of 30-year-old Schoolmaster's Colloquial. As a whole, the book seems to me a promising failure: but perhaps in the original it has more style.

There's no left-footedness about *Peaceable Lane*, on the other hand, which has a fluency that one associates with American conversation, coasting along on an abundance of prepacked witticisms, racy clichés, and machine-age metaphors. It reads quickly and easily: it has forbidding verisimilitude: and it's intelligent enough to maintain a surface sparkle in which wit and introspection are combined. The only trouble is that the introspection goes just as far as in any other similar novel: the characters are already familiar the first time they appear. I don't think that this is intentional, a snide implicit comment on Americans generally, or on the poor, sad, limited and increasingly uniform human race. So although I enjoyed the book, I can best describe it by likening it to others, by saying that it's a John Cheever-style treatment from the whites' point of view of the theme of *Raisin in the Sun*. In other words, it concerns the attempt of a wealthy, chip-on-the-shoulder Negro artist to take a house in a smart white suburb near New York; the attempts of the residents to prevent him; the softening of one of them – a Madison Ave-man – when he finds the Negro's a colleague; the growing complications, including rough stuff from the NAACP; and a 'tragic' (i.e. mortal) denouement, followed by some upbeat good intentions which on the story's showing look rather ominous, although the author doesn't think so.

RICHARD MAYNE

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Hilliard Restored

Nicholas Hilliard. By ERNA AUERBACH. *Routledge. 6 gns.*

To compare the facts known about Hilliard's life as given by Mr Graham Reynolds in the Catalogue of the Hilliard Exhibition in 1947 with the wealth of information recorded by Dr Auerbach in her biographical first chapter, is to discover what enormous strides have been made in the last 15 years in our knowledge of Elizabethan art. Some of these discoveries have been made by Mr Noel Blakiston, but by far the greatest amount of new information, much of it published for the first time in this book, has been unearthed by Dr Auerbach herself. She is the first professional art historian who has explored the right documents – especially the records of the Company of Goldsmiths – and the result is that Nicholas Hilliard, who is without question the greatest painter of the Age of Elizabeth I, is no longer merely a rather elusive figure who painted a series of splendid miniatures, but a personality we can know in the round. His amiable and rather unpractical character, his position in society, his ideals, and the way he coped with the world of patronage, have all become unexpectedly clear, and one of the leading artistic figures of the Age of Shakespeare is displayed.

The 252 illustrations, which are scattered throughout the text adjoining the appropriate commentary, reproduce very nearly the whole corpus of his known work and a sufficient selection of the work of his predecessors and immediate following, and his work as a goldsmith and as the writer of the famous *Treatise* is given equal importance. Only the work which he executed in portraiture on the scale of life is still mysterious, and Dr Auerbach is wisely cautious on this subject. The only novelties of superlative importance among the illustrations are the miniatures from Berkeley Castle, but the whole sequence of his work as set out by Dr Auerbach, is convincing and likely to remain a final statement for a very considerable time. A few of the blocks could perhaps have been clearer (especially in the matter of the inscriptions), and catalogue numbers under the plates would have saved the more enquiring reader a certain amount of impatience, but the detailed catalogue at the end is both full and useful and is admirably free from solecisms except for the intrusive 'of' in Earl Beauchamp's name.

It is probably because Mr Pope-Hennessy has discussed Hilliard's aesthetic so convincingly that Dr Auerbach leaves this matter out, but she provides for good measure new information about certain painters in Hilliard's circle, such as Bettes, Lockey and Arnold van Bronckhorst. Twenty years ago the field of Elizabethan portraiture seemed a dense jungle with few clear paths in it, but Dr Auerbach, first with her *Tudor Artists* (1954) and now with the present book, has done the pioneering work which will make future exploration much easier.

It is a remarkable fact that very few of Hilliard's works (barely two dozen) have found their way outside British collections up to the present. His work forms the most elegant portrait gallery of an age that has been achieved in modern times, and it might well be an object of national concern to seek to retain as much of it as possible. Yet its miniature size makes it fall outside the concern of the National Gallery, although, in the history of English painting, it takes a place at the top.

ELLIS WATERHOUSE

Sunday Poets

Language and Poetry. The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures 1957-1958. By JORGE GUILLÉN. *Oxford. 44s.*

Three Spanish Poets. By JOSÉ ANTONIO BALBONTIN. *Alvin Redman. 15s.*

Quite apart from the egotism of those who practise solitary occupations, and the essential subjectivity of the lyrical process, to open one's workshop to the public is very much easier, and more flattering, than to produce a cogent treatise on principles. Even where he generalises from his own experience alone, any outstanding poet's account of his craft is likely to be indispensable. But a poetics? This calls for a rare blend of qualities: above all, for a concern with the whole range of poetry – the medium of words itself, not only one's particular way with them, a readiness to enter into the work of other poets without so much as a squint at one's own, a genuine disinterestedness.

Sr Guillén has these qualities. Apart from a few remarks on his own generation in the brief concluding chapter – on Lorca, Alonso and the rest, rather than himself – he has chosen to speak not about his own situation, but about a few of the Spanish poets of all periods whom he most admires. The differences between these poets are so radical, and Sr Guillén's treatment of each so attentive and penetrating, that his book does indeed make a contribution to poetics, as well as to the understanding of Gonzalo de Berceo, Góngora, St John of the Cross, Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer and the novelist Gabriel Miró. The chapters on these writers cover almost every mode of poetic expression, from the medieval poet's (Berceo's) 'direct mention of things' to the mystic's and the Romantic's sense of the inadequacy of language.

Because Sr Guillén can respond sympathetically to each of these modes, and yet see what is common to them all, not excluding the landscape descriptions of a 20th-century prose writer, he has come close to a comprehensive and generally valid definition of poetic language. In so doing he has illuminating things to say about poems and poets, as distinct from Poetry. He explains what it is in medieval poetry that we wrongly call naive. He begins by interpreting three poems by St John of the Cross as though they were not religious allegories, ignoring the author's interpretation, to explain how they came to combine artistic perfection with a 'message' that lies outside the normal scope of poetry. He shows how Góngora prefigures the 'pure poetry' of Mallarmé and Valéry by the use of a syntax adapted from the Greek and Latin poets, and how in the 'sentimental and very popular' Romantic poet Bécquer 'there is concealed a very pure poet'. In the last chapter he concludes that 'language cannot exist without the combination of the intellectual with the concrete' and that, despite the etymological meaning of 'poetry', its creations are secondary and 'all poets in this sense *poètes du dimanche* – of the Sunday following the Saturday on which Jehovah rested.'

Like Sr Guillén and so many of the contemporaries mentioned in his last chapter, Sr Balbontin has lived in exile since the Civil War. His short book, too, is based on a series of lectures; and the many quotations from his three poets – Rosalía de Castro, Antonio de Machado and Lorca – are given both in Spanish and English as in Sr Guillén's book. Sr Balbontin's three stimulating studies are partly biographical and include personal reminiscences of Lorca.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Talk with Journalists

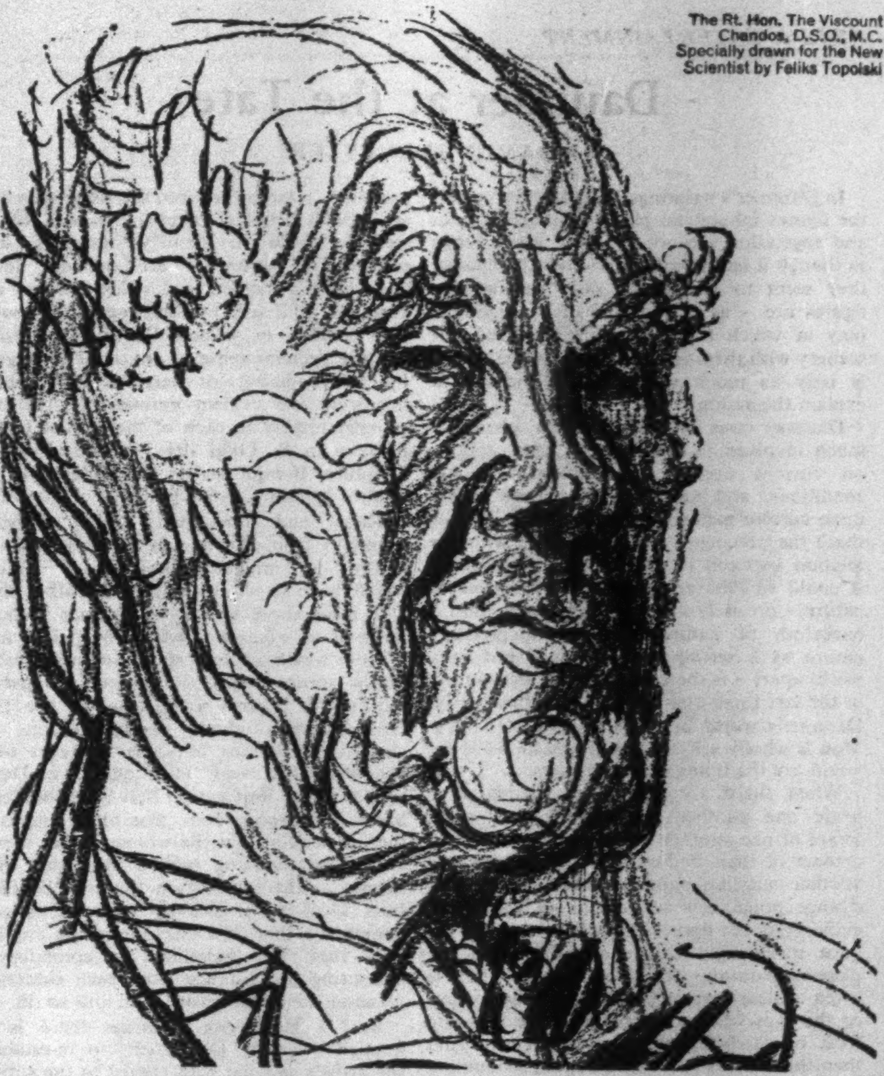
Nimrod Smith. By ALAN WYKES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21s.

If old hunters 'talk with gods' their autobiographies ought to be something special, and in fact they usually are. Apart from the tranced atmosphere of their peculiar happiness, the prolonged and thoughtful lessons with man-killers have necessarily gone in deep and sure. As a profession they aren't generally afflicted with eloquence, but the barest narrative can't hide their jewel, which instructs directly, through and perhaps in spite of what they are saying, like the facial expression of a sage or the gesture of an inarticulate survivor. When a hunter's adventures are written up by somebody else, however, all we get is a more or less mechanical account of standing, running and dead specimens of animals in film settings – the tedium of a photograph faked up from descriptions in a darkroom.

Alan Wykes knows all about this, and has no faith anyway in the appeal of hunting stories, so he presents Captain Murray Smith not simply as a hunter, for which alone he is remarkable, but as a character – a 'rounded character'. He feels this will be more interesting for the 'unspecialised reader'. He tried the method in his earlier book, *Snake Man*, on C. J. P. Ionides, who being verbally forceful and aggressively odd, a natural 'character' whose every act made a good anecdote, showed up well in Mr Wykes's analysis. But Murray Smith is not at all a 'character' in this sense. He is one of those hunters who have taken over completely the predator's instinct for self-effacement – especially when in full view. You look at his actions, and they are hair-raising: but *he* is invisible. For lack of a subject Mr Wykes is forced to magnify his other attractions, rattling his vocabulary, spraying out information of the factual, thoroughly-researched sort, psychological observations and wisecracks: a practised TV interviewer keeping things going while he tries to bring his chrome-rimmed peephole to focus on the spot where Smith faded into the bush.

The deadly fault with this book is that Mr Wykes seems to have little real sympathy with his subject, little real interest in hunting. So in the few hunting episodes he does include, some of them obviously unique, he sounds like a man telling a joke he doesn't understand or doesn't think is funny but hopes his hearers might. What he is really interested in is his own interpretation of Mr Smith, and after 207 pages of that I could do with a few paragraphs from Smith's own unpublished 'notes', which according to Wykes contain 'innumerable examples of engagements with wild beasts' with 'specified and elaborated circumstances galore' – the language can be as unimproved as it likes.

TED HUGHES



The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Chandos, D.S.O., M.C.
Specially drawn for the New Scientist by Feliks Topolski

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Daumier at the Tate

DAVID SYLVESTER

In Daumier's paintings as in Michelangelo's the figures inhabit no place. The token rocks and vegetation are not a setting which looks as though it had been there before the figures; they seem to be present only because the figures are – as in the sort of expressionist play in which the actors bring the bits of scenery with them onto an empty stage. There is only as much scenery as is needed to explain the action

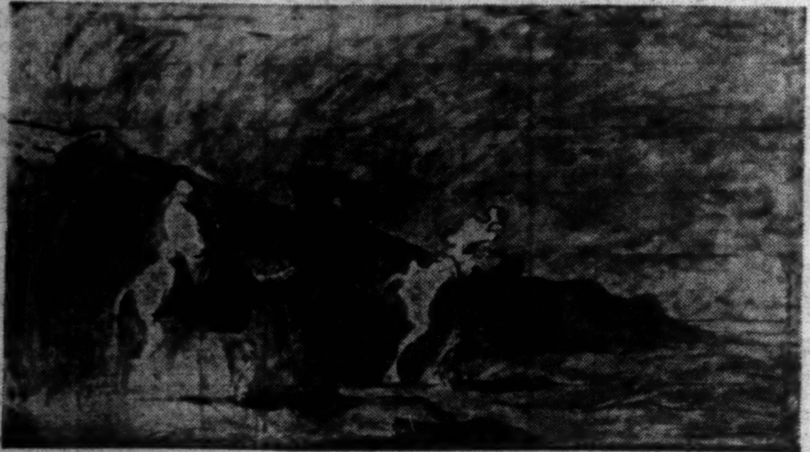
Daumier was in most things obviously much involved in his time – a commentator on current events and personalities and conditions, and an artist who drew widely upon current pictorial devices. But he did not share the preoccupation of his time with the relation between man and his surroundings. It could well be argued that man's place in nature – precisely *in* nature and not against a backcloth of nature, and, again, precisely nature as a setting for man and not as a world apart – is the central theme of painting in the last three-quarters of the 19th century. Daumier's world begins and ends with man. Man is wholly self-contained, the limits of his world are the limits of his gestures.

When there are groups of figures, they jostle one another as if blind, only seem aware of one another through the involuntary contact of their bodies; their heads seek one another out like puppies' heads. Hence that strange poignancy we feel in all Daumier's gatherings of figures huddled together, at once menacingly and comfortingly. In the close-up paintings of individual heads there is often a bleariness or blankness in the sockets of the eyes which calls to mind the unseeing look of Michelangelo's later carvings. And then there is Daumier's obsession, amounting to self-identification, with Don Quixote, he who is unable to see what things are – the revolving arms of windmills are those of hostile men, gesture is what signifies. Blind gesture responds to blind gesture.

Nineteenth-century painting generally, besides seeing the figure within the context of nature, sees everything within the context of a field of vision, relates what is seen to a point of view – by which I do not mean the ideal viewpoint of Renaissance perspective, which is impersonal, but the viewpoint of an implied beholder whose particular attitude to the subject is conveyed as well as his particular position in space. This sense of a particular relation between the thing seen and an implied beholder, a beholder with whom we are made to identify ourselves, first occurs in European art around 1600. Caravaggio's moments of sudden drama are visualised as if seen by someone on the spot – seen perhaps, or so both the angle of vision and the peculiar sense of amazement suggest, by a wondering or terrified small boy, mirroring the evident emotion of the boy actually present in each of the pair of facing pictures in S. Luigi dei Francesi. Even in sculpture, Bernini makes the presence of an implied beholder an integral part of the work.

These and the many other possible examples from the age of Baroque tend to involve an implied beholder for reasons which have to do with rhetoric rather than with ideas about vision – Velasquez is something of an exception, with those tricks with mirrors which imply a spectator in the midst of the scene, a spectator invited to observe but not to express a reaction. In the 19th century, ideas about seeing become the general motive for implying the eyes of a beholder. The very meaning of a Degas resides in the implication that the beholder is a sort of peeping Tom, that of an Ingres in the implication that the women under survey are aware of being looked over, that of a Monet in the implication that the beholder feels as if enveloped by what he is contemplating, that of a Cézanne in the implication that the beholder is compulsively measuring his distance from each successive plane in the scene before him, and so on.

But in Daumier's paintings there is no implied beholder. Our efforts to re-establish the artist's attitude with regard to the subject out there in front of him always end in failure. As we bring our concentration to bear on the forms confronting us, we suddenly find that we are no longer looking at them but have been as it were spun round so that we have become them. What was out there is all that is there, contained within itself and accessible to us only through our total identification with its actions and in no other way. The artist has not looked at these figures, he has drawn them as if he were inside them. In the drawing of *Don Quixote in the Mountains*, from the collection of M. Maurice Loncle, Paris (No. 230), there is a horse lying flat on its side, and what we are aware of is not so much the swell of its visible flank but the feel of the contact of the hidden flank with the bare flat rock. In the chiaroscuro painting of *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza* (No. 89), illustrated on this page, the bizarre black and white shapes which are formed by Don Quixote and his horse are not of the order of those unexpected shapes which the camera's eye often gives us: the total form is not a man on a horse rushing headlong, seen in strong light and shadow; it is the embodiment of rushing headlong. Daumier has not asked what his subjects *look* like when behaving in a given way, but what they *feel* like, within themselves.



It goes without saying that empathy plays an essential part in almost any aesthetic experience, both that of the artist in regard to his subject and the spectator in regard to the work. Only not, as it does here, to such a point that no room is left for anything else. The unfinished look of Daumier's painting was therefore inevitable. When we thrust out an arm into space and feel the muscular tension along it, we aren't mindful of the length of our fingernails. This total absorption in empathy explains the unfinished look of Daumier's paintings as it explains the unfinished look of the Rondanini *Pietà*. Not even in Michelangelo's late paintings, but only in his late sculpture, do we find empathy as total as that of Daumier's later paintings and, of course, of his sculpture.

To be an artist like Michelangelo was one of the most commonplace dreams of the Romantic tradition. Paradoxically, the artist who came closest to its realisation was (as Balzac and Daubigny were so quick to recognise) one who earned his living as a cartoonist and who, even as painter, draughtsman and sculptor, took his subjects from the banalities of everyday life. There is no affinity whatever in their range of feeling to explain how Daumier got close to Michelangelo: Daumier is neither morbid nor sublime. What he shares with Michelangelo is a capacity for absolute empathy.

And it was this that enabled him to bring the art of sculpture to life again (though there are intimations of this revival in the two sculptures by Géricault which have survived). The Michelangelesque aspirations of a Rude or an Alfred Stevens were strangled at birth by their instinctive adherence to Bernini's pictorial approach to sculpture. Daumier, without thought of impersonating the Grand Manner, instinctively worked in the same terms as Michelangelo – in terms of empathy. Several of his sculptures were included in his big Paris exhibitions of both 1878 and 1901: it is difficult not to infer that the sudden conspicuous broadening of Rodin's style which occurred about 1880 was due to Daumier's influence, and that, as a result of the second exhibition, Matisse's development as a sculptor was similarly affected.

Daumier's habit of expressing what it feels like to do something, not what somebody looks like doing it, connects with his invariable practice of working out of his head, but not at all as a necessary consequence of it: a preference for working from memory has been held by many essentially visual painters, such as Goya, Degas, Bonnard. The vital factor is that he was instinctively more a sculptor than a painter, more so than any other great painter one can think of. So that as a painter he absolutely had to be an innovator. Daumier, more than anyone but Turner perhaps, did most to break down the traditional distinction between the sketch and the complete work of art, a distinction still strong in Delacroix and Constable. He also made flat shapes speak of form in space in a way that was later to be of use, one suspects, to Munch, Matisse, Rouault, Picasso.

He began with an amateur's ragbag of pictorial ideas filched from everywhere – Géricault, Delacroix, Millet, Goya, Rembrandt and Fragonard. His experience as a lithographer combined with his instincts as a sculptor to forge them into a new language of painting. In the *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza* illustrated here, the black and white shapes simulate the effect of hard contrasts of light and shadow, but they are not about light and shadows, they are about the thing that lithography is about – the use of shapes in black and white to give an illusion of form in the round. These shapes, being not descriptions of visual sensations but visual projections of motor sensations, come to acquire a degree of autonomous life which gives them both the immediacy and ambiguity of impact which are characteristic of the shapes of 20th-century painting.

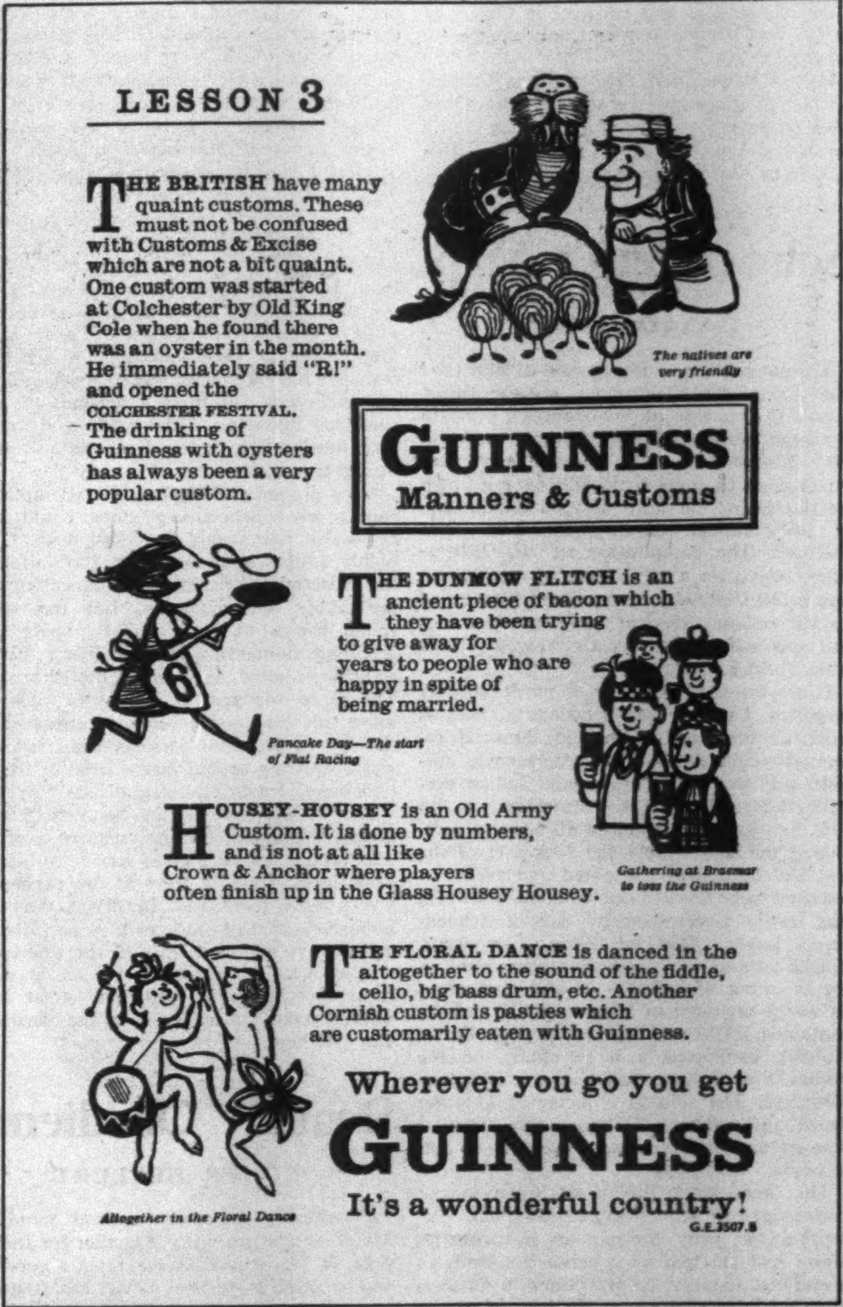
Brando's Values

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Western is as well-established a form as the sonnet sequence, and we have had Westerns quick and slow, morality Westerns, Freudian Westerns, even liberal Westerns. A new variant is the Brando Western, which takes three or more years to make and tries to Bonapartise the whole thing by imposing his own idiosyncratic code and image. *One-Eyed Jacks*, at the Plaza, begins with a lightly Byronic touch. Its hero (Marlon Brando) has stuck up a bank in New Mexico and is blissfully wooing a senorita with lies when the police ride up: at once he snatches the ring from her finger and makes off. The Byronic trait recurs afterwards when he seduces a girl as a first step to revenge on her father, but otherwise is forgotten. The tale slumps into inactivity in the midst of action, a fascinating display of Brando *versus* the Western he's engaged in: the result of talking too big and taking too long over his first film.

It's a huge pity; and still in the half-failure there's a great deal to enjoy and admire. First, Brando himself, posed and silent, or mumbling words quite half of which never come the audience's way. His mere presence evokes power – this is often quenched in mild uncertainties of speech, and then in a couple of scenes he will roar out. Next, landscape being half the attraction of cowboy stuff, he has gone all out with California's Death Valley and its 'thunderous coastline'; and in this at least, helped by Charles Lang's photography, he can claim comparison with the best of Ford. Finally, some realism is achieved in the matter of killings, which here are rare and not merely bang-bang. This return of pain brings with it a good deal of masochism on the part of the hero. Altogether, though, the faults are far outbalanced by the spell-binding.

The new Ford Western at the New Victoria, *Two Rode Together*, is unluckily one in which even he lost interest; with stars, James Stewart and Richard Widmark, it dawdles its way through a tale of disillusion over whites reclaimed from the Commanches, and not even blue uniforms, forces opposing one another across a river, and a military dance can inspire the genuine Ford touch. The struggle between the two men who go



LESSON 3

THE BRITISH have many quaint customs. These must not be confused with Customs & Excise which are not a bit quaint. One custom was started at Colchester by Old King Cole when he found there was an oyster in the month. He immediately said "R!" and opened the COLCHESTER FESTIVAL. The drinking of Guinness with oysters has always been a very popular custom.

The natives are very friendly

GUINNESS
Manners & Customs

Pancake Day—The start of Flat Racing

THE DUNMOW FLITCH is an ancient piece of bacon which they have been trying to give away for years to people who are happy in spite of being married.

Gathering at Braemar to toss the Guinness

HOUSEY-HOUSEY is an Old Army Custom. It is done by numbers, and is not at all like Crown & Anchor where players often finish up in the Glass Housey Housey.

THE FLORAL DANCE is danced in the altogether to the sound of the fiddle, cello, big bass drum, etc. Another Cornish custom is pasties which are customarily eaten with Guinness.

Altogether in the Floral Dance

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G.E.3507.B

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In an article, 'Editors are Human', recently published in a Literary Weekly, one successful student, in praising the work of the LSJ, said: 'I think that the tutor must have spent, on occasions, two hours or more on my lessons,' and 'His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript.'

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out to bargain with the Indians never really comes to a head – far less so than the opposition of betrayed and betrayer in *One-Eyed Jacks* – and bucolic moments only exaggerate the chances lost.

Marcel Moussy's *St Tropez Blues* (Cameo-Royal): a glancing new-wavelet about the clash between middle-class and bohemian on the Côte d'Azur, with a sly, virginal performance from Marie Laforet.

Schoenberg's Map

DAVID DREW

'Do not rob me, o my genius, of pleasure.' That cry of the 'One who is self-sacrificing' occurs in the text of Schoenberg's oratorio *Die Jakobsleiter*, published without music in 1917. It is one of many phrases in the text which seem to come from Schoenberg's own creative heart, but until now its relationship to his musical development had been obscured. The composition of *Die Jakobsleiter*, begun on a tidal wave of inspiration, was broken off when Schoenberg was called up for military service; and that summons had the same effect as Coleridge's visitor from Porlock.

However, the project was never entirely forgotten. Late in 1944 Schoenberg resumed work as best his health and financial resources would allow. Little progress was possible, and eventually illness and failing eyesight defeated even his determination. In 1951 he formally renounced all hope of completing the score. Only the first part of the text had been fully composed and even that required to be worked out in detail. This task was finally undertaken by one of Schoenberg's pupils, Winfried Zillig. Last week, Zillig's preparation of the fragment, amounting to about 45 minutes of music, received its world première in Vienna, as part of the combined ISCM and Vienna Festival. Rafael Kubelik conducted a large choir and the orchestra of Cologne radio in a notable performance. The soloists – including Günther Reich, Julius Patzak, Helmut Krebs, Thomas Stewart and Ilse Hollweg – were quite outstanding.

The 'new' work fills a vital gap in our knowledge of Schoenberg's non-tonal, pre-serial music. From the moment Schoenberg's vision had led him away from the roads of traditional tonality, he was alone in an awesome territory where even the laws of beauty had to be made anew. 'Do not rob me, o my genius, of pleasure': self-sacrifice rewarded, *Die Jakobsleiter* contains some of the most sensuously pleasurable music Schoenberg ever wrote. Compared to the preceding *Erwartung* and *Die Glückliche Hand*, *Die Jakobsleiter* shows the way to a haven. Even in this opening part, it finds a kind of peace which is mostly beyond the reach of the two earlier works. In fact, *Die Glückliche Hand* only approaches the expressive world of *Die Jakobsleiter* when the chorus ask, *'Ist kein Friede in Dir?'* When, in 1922, Schoenberg wrote to Kandinsky saying that he was sustained through hard times by a higher idea, he added: 'I mean . . . Religion'. *Die Jakobsleiter* is a part of that experience.

Nonetheless, the lyricism of the first part of *Die Jakobsleiter* is still full of pain, though it is a pain as remote from the terrible anguish of *Erwartung* as the broad symmetrical melodies and the amazing *harmonic* style are remote from the lines and textures of the earlier work. Unhappily, the doubts and rebellion in the first part of the work were never to be granted a musical resolution. In that respect as in others, *Die Jakobsleiter* remains very much a fragment, unlike the second and greater 'uncompleted' work of Schoenberg's, the opera *Moses und Aron*.

The inevitable defects of the work go further than that. The musical material which Schoenberg left for posterity is a marvellously detailed map of his intentions, but to transform that into a living sound-world requires a final act of creation which only he could have undertaken. The general instrumental dispositions are usually indicated, but except for instrumental solos and crucial textures, questions of precise colouring are left open. Upon the answer to these questions – which of course affect the wind instruments and the strings in different ways – depends the real sonorous character of the work; and that in turn must relate to the Expressionist, post-Stringbergian character of the text.

Very properly, Zillig has not attempted to supply what Schoenberg alone could have given. He has simply produced a clear and highly professional academic translation of the material. The musical outlines are unmistakably Schoenbergian, but the actual sound has a waxwork quality, apart from alarming moments when real living features suddenly emerge, as specified by Schoenberg. The more one gets to know the work, the more this dichotomy becomes apparent. At the end of the third performance I heard, it was distressing to find that a sense of frustration mingled with one of gratitude.

Die Jakobsleiter is an essential musicological document, but its frequent performance would not be a great service to Schoenberg, especially if it were at the expense of works more truly 'his'. Ideally it should be published, studied, and read. A performance will always savour a little of the dramatised transcript of a classic court case, in which great speeches were made and great issues were at stake, but no record of the conclusion was ever kept.

Deathly Obedience

ROGER GELLERT

Continuing its recent upward trend, the Mermaid Theatre brings together for the first time, in *The Andersonville Trial*, a good cast and a good play. Saul Levitt has written a properly troubling account of the 1865 case against Henry Wirz, the Eichmann of the American Civil War. The setting (a military tribunal, with five solemn generals) is authentic – and vital, for the whole piquancy of the trial is that Wirz is pleading that he let his prisoners starve and die under orders from his superior officer, while the military Judge Advocate is obliged to argue, with increasing conviction, that it was his moral duty to disobey.

The Judge Advocate (William Sylvester) is a sincere, dogged young man; his opponent, defending Wirz, is the brilliant, actorish barrister Otis H. Baker (William Squire), and the wrangle between these two over the obscene, obstreperous Wirz makes one of the most absorbing duels I have seen on the stage. In spite of the fairly manifest guilt of his client, Baker is so deft and clever that he seems more and more in the ascendant as the trial proceeds, and is ditched only by Wirz's determination to tell his own story. The counsels are both finely played, the leonine William Squire stealing most limelight, though his conduct is perhaps too eye-rollingly self-satisfied even for Baker. But it is Maurice Denham as Wirz who is unforgettable. From the moment he appears, a ghastly, ailing figure, his boots clattering hideously, to subside on a rumpled day-bed, Wirz pervades the courtroom like a foul smell. His dirty monochrome head, now lolling in self-pity, now rolling and wagging in wild abuse, stares with a bloody and lack-lustre eye on the proceedings. At intervals he reminds the judges, hopefully, of how he let the drummer boys out to pick blackberries; it seems to have been his one kindly act, and he clings desperately to it. But the prisoners grew to be his nightmare, 'burrowing, burrowing by night . . . crawling . . . like rats.' And that last word is the noose round his neck. Maurice Denham does not play for pathos, nor monstrosity. He simply becomes Wirz, and if he is a more potent creature than the 'gnat-brained, cowardly and feeble-natured' Wirz of history, this is the theatre's gain. The President of the Court is hardly less strikingly played by John Woodvine, an epitome of iron goodness. Cal McCord and Edward de Souza are outstanding among a cloud of witnesses.

I think people have been far too unkind about *Tresper Revolution* (Arts Theatre). If viewed as the work of a larky and incurably literary schoolboy in favour of Basic Instincts, this innocent story of the failure of a Sexual Anarchy party in a small African colony has considerable charm and even at times a certain liveliness. And not all the laughs were against the author, not by a long chalk.

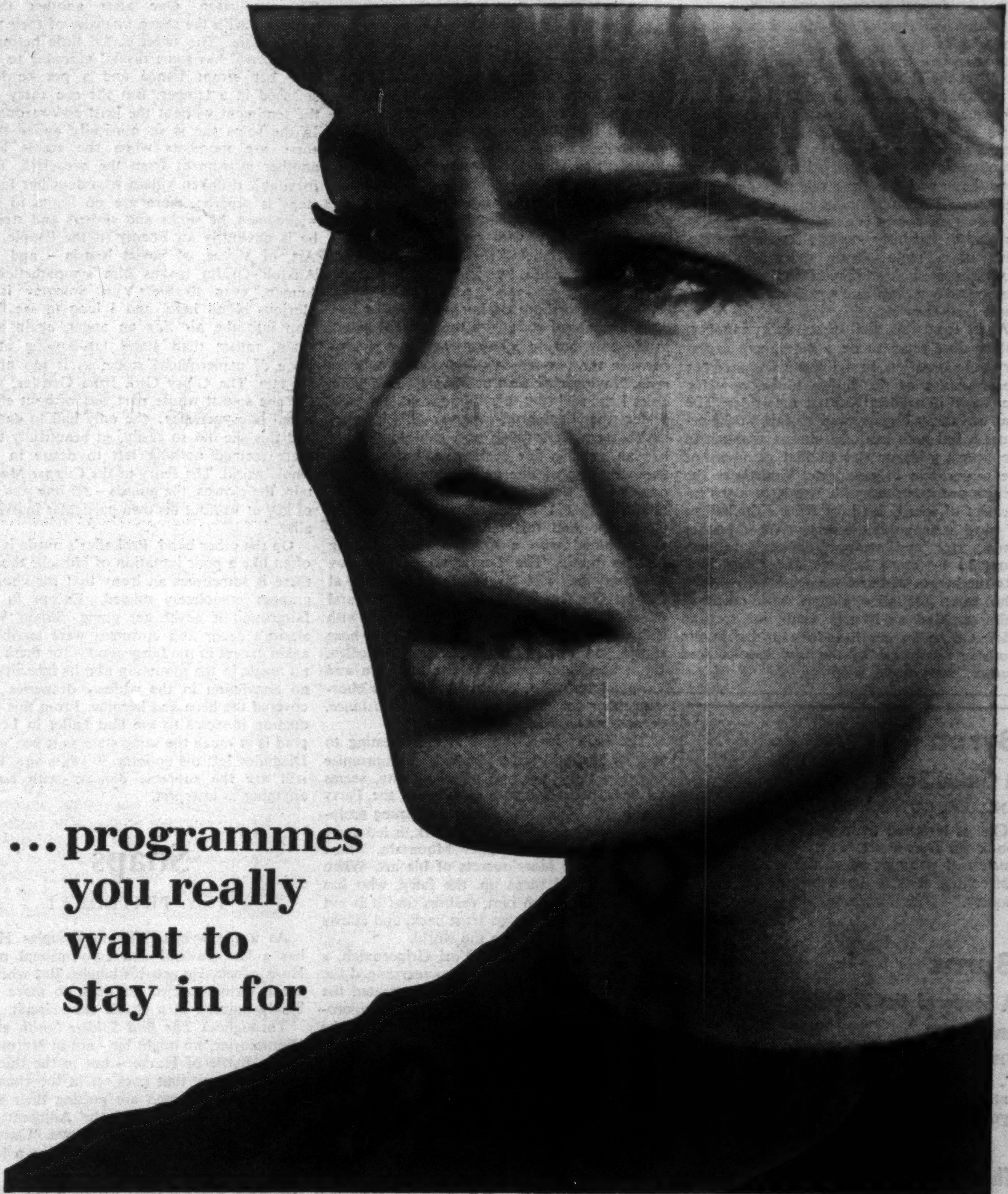
Leather Kicks

ROY EDWARDS

The simultaneous arrival of winklepickers in the Lyceum Ballroom and in the most chi-chi of Bond Street shoeshops may be partly accounted for by the speed with which certain ideas circulate nowadays. But the end-effect remains intriguing. In the last year leather has made a similar takeover in different worlds and a wide range of sartorial uses has been found for a material that was once more or less utilitarian. Leather dresses can be found at Simpson's; leather jackets with villainous-romantic, open-air or transatlantic trade titles (Corsair, Countryman, Plainsman, Bronx) at motorbike accessory shops; imitation-leather casual sets in Oxford Street; and leather swimming-trunks at manshops in north-west Soho.

Leather coats and jackets from the House of Dior's Fall 1960 collection (to be worn with 'a pale zombie face') were described by *Vogue* as 'the beat look flamboyantly Left Bank'. Here, one world of leather salutes another. Apart from this invasion of high fashion (the *Vogue-Harpers* syndrome), leather is a settled asset of that nomad group which exists behind such labels as beat, teen-thing, motorcycle brigade – the leather thing was theirs, originally. In high fashion leather is elegant. Its appeal depends on the artifice of placing this second skin, with its undertones of animalism and the sinister, of prehistory and secret police, against a treasured and cared-for body. On a mum-figure a leather dress is either ludicrous or pointlessly extravagant.

Originally a pair of jeans (Levi-style) was intended for workaday use; now it has become a ceremonial garment. Similarly, the



...programmes you really want to stay in for

Some things on Scottish Television I wouldn't miss for worlds. Scottish dancing. Variety. Those are the things I like best. And some of the more serious programmes, they're worth staying at home for. I never realised they could be so interesting. Scottish Television makes you feel they're doing it all specially for you. Well, it's our own station, they ought to know what we like. I find something worthwhile every evening.

Scottish Television makes life worth watching

practical uses of leatherwear for men have largely been obscured by the desire for ritual display. Some young members of the motorcycle brigade still incline to a melodramatically slanted utility (leather jeans would 'stop your legs getting cut up' in the case of an accident), but the more sophisticated jibe 'Sexy!' at the apparition of a mate in leather, or yen for the material because 'It's keen!'. Consequently the use of leather in the male world is more complex than it is in the female. For men it makes its appeal by accentuating qualities that should already be there. Even weirder than the mum-figure is a plump middle-aged man in an all-leather set. When the accent is exaggerated, it implies the kind of fetishism recently revealed on the cover of a male pin-up magazine which showed a man straddling a motorbike and wearing only a cap and a leather hybrid of trunks and G-string.

Apart from this kind of speciality-number, leather does seem to be a permanent accessory to locomotion. In the past it was used for the trappings of the ridden horse, now for the 'flash' adornment of the bike-rider. The hint of luxury lingers even in this world because a full garb can cost almost as much as the heaps, grids or wrecks that members of the motorcycle brigade ride. Sometimes the jackets are inscribed with words or signs indicative of speed, death or tribe – the badges of some metropolitan heraldry. When leather limbs, zips and strange devices are surmounted by crash helmets, the riders look like the heroes of those science-fiction writers who yearn for alien planets with medieval cultures. Mad as it may seem, the teenage addiction to leather has done its bit in the clothing revolution of the last decade. And leather, everywhere, is still in.

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Art and Virtue

ANNABEL FARJEON

The tradition of ballet in Russia began in 1737 when a visiting French dancer, Jean-Baptiste Landé, got permission from the Empress Anne to found an academy of dancing. It is said that the Empress herself chose the first pupils, 12 boys and 12 girls, the children of her serfs. Thus the Imperial School was started in St Petersburg, from which generation after generation of famous dancers have graduated. Diaghilev chose Pavlova, Karsavina and Nijinsky, with many others, as the nucleus of his Ballets Russes from the Maryinsky Theatre, and it was here also that Ulanova trained.

The St Petersburg or Leningrad ballet has often exchanged stars with the Bolshoi ballet in Moscow, but there has always been rivalry between the two schools and a difference in style. Having now seen companies from both cities I can see what this difference is. I myself prefer the Leningrad manner of dancing, which seems less tough and exhibitionist. It has an equally fine technique, but a more delicate sense of line and gesture. There are none of the slightly vulgar lapses into showmanship that I associate with the Bolshoi Company. And this more refined approach is combined with a more sensitive feeling for the music. The Leningrad State Kirov Company has just begun a short season at Covent Garden showing both modern and classical ballets. The first night opened with *The Stone Flower,* a modern ballet whose music was specially composed by Prokofiev, for a libretto compiled by the musician and Leonid Lavrovsky. Lavrovsky being the choreographer for the Soviet *pièce de résistance, Romeo and Juliet.*

The ballet itself is not very interesting to me; its uncomfortable scenario, a compromise between fairy tale and high morality, seems to have been designed to appease the Party ideologists. The story concerns a young sculptor who, displeased with his work, is led away by a fairy to the Copper Mountain, where he learns the inner secrets of his art. When his girl friend turns up, the fairy, who has fallen in love with him, realises that it is not for her to hold such an artist back, and allows the couple to return to the world.

This production is by Yuri Grigorovich, a Leningrad choreographer who rearranged the ballet in 1957, Lavrovsky having created the original three years previously. Mr Grigorovich appears to have been influenced by the older master, especially in the lover's *pas de deux,* for there are many lifts and gestures that remind me of *Romeo and Juliet.* There is that kneeling posture of the girl, who is lifted high on the man's hand as she gazes coyly down into his hair; there are the quick, flittering runs across the stage ending in a marvellous splayed leap, at which the Russian ballerinas excel. There is the same emphasis on simple, deeply felt emotion, so different from our own more complex forms of expression. But this choreography has too limited a vocabulary, and the First Act, ending with a dance of *corps de ballet* precious stones, is curiously episodic and dead. The Second Act comes to life with a noisy, fairground scene, in which the company dances with a vitality that is all the more thrilling because it is neither exhibitionist nor in the least self-conscious. This is the cast for the *Petrushka* fair, the waves of twirling, bounding peasants and gipsies make national dancing seem an inevitable expression of human nature, not a pious resurrection of old customs.

It is the dancers that are the marvel of this production. One after another they amaze us with the sharp intensity of their interpretations. The sweet elated little heroine, Alla Sizova, has some dismal mooning to do over her errant fiancé and a pot he has smashed in a temper. But she can carry off the sentiment without the least awkwardness. In the solos she is so musically aware that there are moments when she seems like another instrument from the orchestra. The inevitable drunken villain who dogs her footsteps is superb: there are no limits to his wickedness, he slinks and slithers and struts, he is obviously an Enemy of the People, of Art, of Virtue, of Soviet Russia – and yet Anatoli Gridin makes him sympathetically human, even likable. Yuri Soloviev is a glorious blond hero, and I long to see him leap into the air like an angel, again and again, rather than stand tap-tapping at a piece of papiermâché stone, as is too often his fate. The Gipsy Girl, Irina Gensler, was the one soloist whose part was without emotional idiosyncrasies: she only had to dance, and this she did so easily, so beautifully that there seemed nothing left to desire in the whole world. The Fairy of the Copper Mountain, the clowns, the guards – no one was out of key or without his own particular individuality.

On the other hand, Prokofiev's music is too often like a poor imitation of himself; though there is sometimes an irony that the choreographer completely missed. Except in the fairground it never got going. Simon Virsaladze's decor and costumes were terrible – again except in the fairground – for there was no magic in the mountain and its inhabitants, no conviction in the whimsy draperies that covered the hero and heroine. From this production it seems to me that ballet in Leningrad is in much the same state as it was when Diaghilev left the country 50 years ago. Here still are the supreme dancers with hardly anything to interpret.

Snaps

V. S. PRITCHETT

As a playwright William Douglas Home has a lackadaisical and conventional mind. He is adroit. He gets his laughs. But when he has a serious subject he does no more than bandy opinion in a closed class-circuit.

Throughout *The Bad Soldier Smith* at the Westminster, we might be – not in Normandy at the Battle of Havre – but in the thick of the argy-bargy that goes on in the changing room when the men are putting their shirts over their heads; indeed the Adjutant does come in wearing a dressing gown. 'Unconditional surrender, old boy? Bombing a lot of civilians? Damned disgraceful, old boy. There's a war on, I say there's a war on, old boy. Who's pinched my comb?' Mr Home has made an unconditional surrender to blokiness. The audience liked this. It takes all sorts of blokes to make a world, even the bloke who disobeys his Commanding Officer's order on the battlefield because he disapproves of Cabinet policy, and is courtmartialled, stripped, abused by some white-feather girl in the ATS, and sent to prison. He may have been wrong, old boy, but you can see his point. Civilised, actually.

Mr Home is, of course, writing a play based on his own well-known story and the sad thing is that, since he has done nothing with it, it has faded like an old photograph. Which war was this, we ask. 1944? It sounds uncommonly like 1916. Who is Smith? He sounds like young Sassoon. Remind me – what *was* 'unconditional surrender'? And when we have been reminded, it strikes us that both the true story and its interesting potential for the theatre must be very different from the conventional stuff Mr Home has given us. He has evaded by creating a number of well-known Officers' Mess stereotypes.

They are an enjoyable lot and well-acted, especially by Peter Dyneley, Peter Meyers, Arthur Lovegrove and Geoffrey Lumsden. But it is Captain Smith, standing in for the author, who gives the game away. Moray Watson did very well in this difficult and unfocused role. Smith loses his force as a character for two reasons: (1) he is not a character but a view, (2) he is unable to stand out because almost the whole Mess is awash with sympathy for him and they all violently display their dislike of Thornton, the sadistic Second-in-Command who is after Smith's blood. Never was a rebel so starved of opposition and so reduced by kindness to the state of a man with a fad. The gentlemanliness of the whole thing is, dramatically speaking, puerile. It is true that the Officers' Mess is inferior to the Sergeants' as a venue for drama and speech; in the former, one sees too plainly what class-consciousness has done to destroy consciousness itself. Even so, officers are but men; when you prick them do they not bleed?

It is essential that Captain Smith should be a human being with a history, a life and a character. We are not shown what conceit, arrogance or tortured morbidity may be concealed beneath his enlightenment. The choleric Major Thornton is portrayed as a coarse sadist and probably there is not much more to him except that he loves some dog waiting for him back in Hampshire. But – fair's fair – is it quite certain that Captain Smith is altogether sane, civilised and immaculate; isn't he also a moral snob? Until a character is forcefully and honestly defined before our eyes, he will not have the strength to stand in the centre of an important conflict of ideas. Under-exposure, old boy, one is bound to murmur, as one turns from this blurred face in Mr Home's war-time album.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,635 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between a Sixth Former and his Careers Master on the opportunities offered in the field of Television, *haute couture*, Bookmaking, Competition-Setting, Stockbroking, Politics, Political Journalism, or Blackmail. Limit 150 words. Entries by 4 July.

Result of No. 1,632 **Set by Gavin Russell**

Readers are asked to submit a letter of resignation from one of the following: one of the Twelve Apostles; one of the Four Just Men; The Lord Chamberlain; Chester Good of *Gun Law*; Allen Dulles; Atlas.

Report

An immense number of entries. People must long to resign. Atlas accordingly was popular as a figure of heroic untutored surliness, pocked and bitten by satellites and such, threatening to let the whole thing drop (Doris Pulsford, Donia Etherington). There was lots of blasphemy, directed in equal parts at Christianity and advertising: Judas was also popular, and tended to figure as the greedy, go-ahead executive, impatient with the old firm. Only one entry (P. Lake) was modelled on the sorrowing stoicism found in the letters of departing British politicians. One guinea each to the entries printed.

My dear Zeus,

For countless aeons I have supported the thankless burden of this globe. I am now fed up. I do not complain of the rheumatism in my shoulder, nor of the monotony of the job; one must get through Eternity somehow; nor of the lack of opportunity for that dalliance which you so richly enjoy. As long as the thing was worthwhile, someone had to do it! But the World is now lousy with dreadful creatures. They reverence neither You nor any other god. Instead of settling their differences with spears, like gentlemen, they slaughter each other wholesale from a distance. They lie and cheat, they boast of freedom and grovel to oppressors, they chatter of civilisation and behave like savages. Please accept my resignation. I mean to drop the lot into the abyss.

Atlas

R. Kennard Davis

Dear sir,

When I took this job on I did not realise the work was so heavy. Also my brother Prometheus as got off that rock you tied him on so we want to go off somewhere on our holidays. Also I have got gallstones. Well there is a fellow called Heracles could do it he as had a try but he was on an errand for some man called Eurystheus and he could not stay. He said he would be back maybe he would do it. Well I would like something a bit lighter if you could. Excuse writing seeing as I am a bit stiff and cannot get my hand loose without letting you down also my gallstones are a trouble and should be under the hospital. Trusting this finds you well and no offence meant or taken.

And oblidge, Mr Atlas

John Welch

Dear Sir it jes aint no good Mr Dillon. Ever since Ah heerd that feller was takin movin phrotografs of me hoppin around after yew and makin cawfee and me in ma old shirt to and showin them to folks mebbe way acraws the state Ah bin jes fit to be tied.

Ah seen a playactor once in a theayter piece with more killin than we git around heer in a week an he was bein PAID fer it.

Mr Dillon Ahm going rite back east to git ma pore laig fixed real good and then Ah reckon to come rite back heer to act this Hamlet MAESELF. Yours respectfully C. Good. Chester. I aint jokin Mr Dillon.

Esme Kelly

Dear Peter,

I want you to understand that my affection for you is in no way diminished by my action but I have to inform you that I am resigning my Apostleship. Of Our Lord I have now no doubts. Since 'Haec Petra', through no fault of yours I beg you understand, there has been an unhealthy sense of 'successorship'. You will agree with me this is blasphemy. I feel therefore that this can best be countered by each of us departing whither the Holy Spirit shall lead us to carry on Our Lord's work. If we do not do this I foresee that there may come a time when our small party may grow into a monolithic contraption, highly organised, clutching faintheartedly at the skirts of God.

Thomas

L. G. Udall

Jerusalem,
Thursday

Dear Master,

X

Judas

H. M. Hood

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

A singular consequence of our low-comedy economic system, now swiftly degenerating into knockabout farce, is that strawberries are losing their flavour. This summer, for the first time since 1948, I have had to buy strawberries, our new plantation not being fit to crop until next year. It is, I find, extremely difficult to find strawberries which can be described as edible by anyone whose palate still works. And as I can think of no reason why one should take less trouble to please the palate with flavour than the eye with light and colour or the ear with music, this seems a pity.

The fruit evoked by the word *strawberry* is a modern invention. The medieval, Tudor and Jacobean strawberry was our own *Fragaria vesca* or one of the other European natives. By the 18th century there were some *F. virginiana* from North America in our gardens. This is slightly larger than *F. vesca*. The first large-fruited strawberries reached Europe late in the 18th century: the species is *F. chiloensis* and it was brought to France from South America by a man named, oddly enough, Frésier. Duchesne, the French juvenile prodigy of botany, crossed it, whether deliberately or fortuitously we don't really know, with *F. virginiana*. The result was the first big strawberry fruit. It was produced in time for the 'classic' period of fruit-breeding in England; and work on strawberries here resulted in the strawberry as we know it, known in France as *fraises anglaises* until relatively recently. The crown and triumph of the English breeders' work was Laxton's *Royal Sovereign*. Dr Johnson had pointed out that God never made a better berry than the strawberry; but Laxton did. One or two French varieties have since surpassed it in flavour. I have grown most of them, and it remains the best for flavour combined with other qualities.

All strawberry plants carry certain viruses which in some varieties, including *Royal Sovereign*, ultimately cause degeneration. Vegetative propagation to produce clones of identical plants propagates the viruses. After long service *Royal Sovereign* became so debilitated as to be useless. While breeders set about producing new varieties, necessitated by the need to have plants resistant to Red Core disease as well as replacements for degenerate varieties, East Malling Research Station set out to rehabilitate *Royal Sovereign*. They discovered how to 'kill' the virus by a heat-treatment which did not quite kill every plant treated. A virus-free plant was obtained and from it a clone propagated. Under Ministry of Agriculture inspection commercial quantities of the virus-free stock were grown in isolation from infected plants, by selected farmers; and distributed to nurseries. Certified virus-free *Royal Sovereign*, fully restored in vigour, became available.

But meanwhile breeders were putting new varieties into commerce. Now our economic system being what it is, a crop-plant breeder cannot say to himself: 'Let us breed an even more delicious strawberry than *Royal Sovereign*.' His strawberry must be a heavy-cropper; it must be disease resistant; it must be firm enough to be picked one day, carried a long way by lorry or train overnight, handled by the central markets in the morning; to hang about and to be handled again at the fruiterers. Risk of loss to grower and fruiterer (the central market carries none of the risk) must be minimised, so that fruit must not spoil easily. All that accounted for, you must be sure that your strawberry is shapely and of a good, bright red. After that, you can take flavour into account. The resultant strawberries look lovely, but they don't taste of much. And because most women choose everything excepting husbands on looks, you cannot usually get more money for guaranteed *Royal Sovereign*.

The grower who plants one of the new varieties can be fairly sure of getting two or three tons of fruit more per acre than he can get from *Royal Sovereign* on the same land. The consequence follows as the night the day: when the time comes to replant, he plants something worse and more profitable than *Royal Sovereign*. This, of course, will matter less and less as food advertising by word and vision succeeds in persuading more and more people that what they are eating is delicious, against the evidence (less and less trusted, and for want of practice less and less trustworthy) of their own sense. For our eating becomes increasingly Platonic: it is the idea connoted by the word *strawberry* which counts, not the fruit itself; and soon all that will really be needed will be an esculent berry which looks like the ideal strawberry of a colour-page advertisement in a magazine, the flavour and fragrance being provided by our induced and conditioned conviction that it is delicious. We are very nearly at that stage already. But it may be necessary to ask breeders to make sure of eliminating real flavour, lest we should ever be reminded of Laxton's best berry.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Equity prices have fallen by nearly 12 per cent in the past month, and many shares – over-advertised blue-chips rather than esoteric speculations – have fallen much further. The market, which in this idle beginning of summer consists mainly of jobbers, brokers and professional speculators, is trying hard to pull itself together. Speculators, typically, are extravagant, escapist, mothers' men: surtax concessions have merely added to the guilt they feel about their enormous profits, they regard themselves as partly responsible for the weakness of sterling, and they feel unreasonably anxious about the reprisals which Father Selwyn may soon wreak upon them. It will not take them long, because most of them are very bright, to realise that Selwyn is not that sort of daddy.

But for the moment they are sensitive enough to be depressed by every weakness in the exchange rate, every scrap of dismal news. The opportunity came up last week for an orgy of masochism. First, there were the trade figures for May: even if the dramatic widening of the trade gap could be put down to the effects of the dock strike, there was no doubt that the trade balance was improving much too slowly for comfort. Second, and on the same day, the Federation of British Industries announced the results of its latest inquiry: the results which mattered to the stock market were that profit margins had fallen because of rising costs and were expected to fall further, and that an increasing number of firms considered their prices, rather than any other factor, the main obstacle in the way of an increase in export orders. On the same day, to rub in the lesson, were announced an increase in steel prices, an increase in fares, and a further increase in the index of retail prices. Share prices dropped sharply, and nobody, yet, is tipping equities as a hedge against inflation: they are still too worried about what the Chancellor may do to their extrapolations of past growth.

What can he do, but touch wood? The balance of payments accounts for the first quarter show a slight improvement in the visible account, largely due to seasonal factors, and a further slight deterioration in invisibles: the overall improvement on current account is largely offset – forgetting the Ford bid – by a higher outflow of private investment abroad. The overall deficit, making what can be made of dock-strike trade figures, is probably still running at £200-£300m a year against the surplus of £250m or more which is urgently needed, and shows little hope of early improvement; but Selwyn – and Grandma too – knows that none of the old short-term regulators are relevant.

* * *

Poor Harry Jasper is at least immortal: he lost more money than he had, but he succeeded in lending his name to a financial scandal which, pushing its way into the headlines during an election campaign, has already produced a new Building Societies Act and will soon produce a new Companies Act. The report of the QC appointed by the Board of Trade to look into the Jasper group was presented 18 months ago, well before the trial of Murray and Grunwald; but it has just been published, and it turns out to be not only a much better layman's guide to the affair than the evidence given at the trial but a demonstration of how easy it would be to nip these monstrous growths in the bud if a full-time professional gardener were to be appointed.

The main lesson of the Jasper affair, in fact, is that free enterprise cannot be left to flourish without constraint. The obvious iniquity, of course, lay in the fact that the managing director of a building society was using the society's funds to support his own speculations in property: the consequent legal iniquity lay in the fact that he neglected to take proper safeguards about mortgages. But the basis of the affair was simply that the profits to be made out of the Rent Act were so huge that Murray, who had a sharp nose for these things, could buy at what seemed an expensive price, sell to the Jasper companies at a comfortable profit, and still leave them with enough either to sell at a profit or provide adequate backing for a mortgage.

If he had stuck to property, in fact, he would have made his pile and the State would have remained solvent: the trouble arose when he discovered the stock market. The first bids were for mere husks of companies into which property could be slipped behind the back of the Registrar of Building Societies: since the property would obviously make the shares worth more than the bid price, various people were allowed to come into the syndicate.

As several more companies were acquired, they were made to buy, at high prices, the syndicate's holding of shares for the cash they either held or could raise on mortgage, and this cash, as often as not, helped to finance their own take-over. In the end, there were a dozen companies, each holding large quantities of each other's shares, and the bubble was expanding so rapidly – the holdings of the three main punters alone were worth £2.7m – that it was essential to consolidate it by acquiring another, large property company: hence the Lintang fiasco.

Public, speculative interest in the group seems to have been kept alive largely by the fact that its members were so keen to make a profit out of each other. Not only Murray and Grunwald themselves, but all their friends and colleagues seem to have been busy playing the market, and the business of H. Jasper & Co consisted almost entirely of this – it 'indeed led to an acrimonious meeting at the end of 1958 at a time when Mr Murray was a "bull" in Capital and Provincial News Theatres while H. Jasper & Co, who at that time thought the shares were over-priced, were "bearing" the market'. It is an odd fact that most of this speculative activity, and the blowing up of a bubble whose collapse left the State several millions out of pocket, was financed in the ordinary course of business by ordinary banks.

Company News

Ellis & Goldstein is making another scrip issue to bring its capital up to £1m and make itself suitable for trustees.

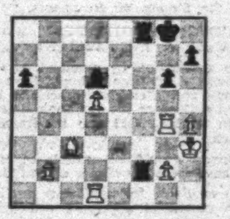
Tate & Lyle is reacquiring the subsidiaries it hived off some time ago when nationalisation was in the air.

London Grocers, the only rival to *Tesco* as a supermarket growth stock, has increased its profit by 37 per cent.

The Chess Board

No. 606. Never Say Die

Never? Well, not quite. Surely, we shouldn't needlessly prolong the agony of an utterly hopeless game; we should resign with good grace rather than suffer the ignominy of having some perfectly obvious and unanswerable winning line demonstrated over the board. But we had better make quite sure first that it is really unanswerable: and we might do well to remember the late Dr Tartakower's famous dictum that no one has ever saved ½ point by resigning. Above all, we shouldn't get into a panic when under the shock-effect of some unexpected move. Look at this position, and let it be a warning. Black played . . . R(8)f3 ch, and White was shocked to realise that gf: would mean immediate mate. It just didn't occur to him that he could simply counter the check by g3 and, with no particular danger to himself, retain his excellent chances of winning the endgame; he was hypnotised by the shock of the mating threat and resigned forthwith. A duffer's mistake? Certainly not. This happened in last year's Rumanian championship, and the victim of that shock-effect was Ghitescu, a master of international repute.

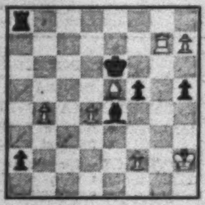


Oddly enough, a similar (if not quite so drastic) example of unjustified pessimism occurred in a recent Yugoslavian Championship. No shock effect here of a suddenly arisen mating threat but just a miscalculation of a somewhat more subtle kind. This is the crucial position: /6B1/16/7p/5P1k/p3K3/16/. Jovcic was Black and he resigned against Vukovic there and then, his assumption being that after 1) . . . Kg3; 2) f5,h4; 3) f6,h3 etc White would get his Queen first, following up with a forced mate after 6) Qf4 ch. Jovcic should have thought of old Tartakower's sagacious advice for, rather than resign he could have saved a useful ½ point by 1) . . . Kg3; 2) f5,Kg4!; 3) f6, Kg5!; 4) f7,a2; 5) f8(Q),a1(Q), and White could no longer win; nor could he have played 3) Ke4, considering that in that case the Black KRP would reach the queening square with a check.

Finally a position reported by Kurt Richter in *Schach* : /8/KP6/16/2P5/4r3/1P3kp1/2R5/. Black played . . . Re1 and resigned after 2) b8(Q). Richter wisely suggests that Black might as well have tried 2) . . g1(Q), just to see if White would find the proper winning line 3) Qb6 ch, followed by a general exchange on g1: after all, he *might* have blundered by 3) Qf4 ch??, which, so far from winning, would have given Black the win after . Kg2 ch etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White realised that Rg1 would be refuted by . . . Bb1; He found the winning move causing immediate resignation as, no doubt, Black was well aware of a fatal 'discovery' to come. Much the same idea may serve as an equally useful hint for **B**, a win (6 ladder-points). **C** (for 7) is a pretty King-hunt, a mate in 13. Usual prizes. Entries by 3 July.

A: Smith 1961



B: Leonid Kubbel 1934: /8/1p1p2p1/1pkp4/5P2/2K5/8/2QPP2q/3kt4/.

C: G. W. Jensch 1961: /8/7kt/6pp/1R5p/2p2P2/q2p4/1Ktk1PKPP/2ktKt4/.

REPORT on No. 602. Set 26 May

A: 1) Rb7 ch!, Kb7:; 2) Qd7 ch, Kb8; 3) e8(Q) ch, Re8:; 4) Qe8: ch, Kb7; 5) Qd7 ch, Kb8; 6) Qc6:, resigns.

B: 1) f6! (a4?), gf:; 2) Kg2:, Kg4; 3) a4, ba:; 4) ba:, Kf5; 5) a4, Ke5; 6) d6!, cd:; 7) c6!, dc:; 8) a5 etc.

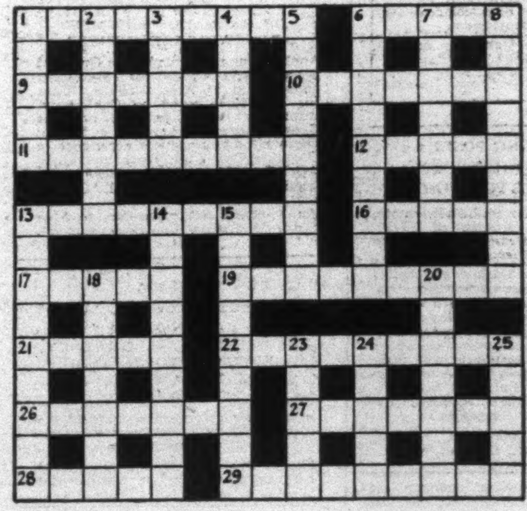
C: 1) a7!, Bg1 (best); 2) a8(Q), Ktb6 ch; 3) Kb4!! (Kb5??), Kta8:; 4) f7, Ktc7!! (Bc5 ch?); 5) f8(Q), Bc5 ch; 6) Kc4:!!, Bf8: stalemate.

Not too difficult. Many correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, J. Mitchell, B. Silver, A. J. Sobey, W. W. Walsh.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 463

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 463, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 4 July.



ACROSS

1. Punishment for a reforming saint in a bachelor party (9).
6. Means of making unintelligible a number of poems (5).
9. Confound the confounded grandee (7).
10. Honour in time when no blessings ensue (7).
11. Instruments for judges (9).
12. Cut off with the cover in the middle (5).
13. A roof over one's head although employment follows the writer (9).
16. Hidden to make the greyhound race? (5).
17. Hand over either way (5).
19. Delicacy but it is like father to tease us (9).
21. Comedian ill at ease without us (5).
22. Isle in which there is no charge for a room? (9).
26. 'With —— moist and fever dew' (Keats) (7).
27. Charge making humanity go out of fashion (7).
28. Supply a variety of universal need (5).
29. Nudes rage when put into overalls (9).

DOWN

1. Coloured sailor turns up as air ace (5).
2. Arab with a contest at heart (7).
3. Inside amid the evil ones (5).
4. The tree has to live in the drink (5).
5. Possibly peers love to lie late (9).
6. One who fights against the soft? (9).
7. Giving honour for a film-making process (7).
8 'Brown —— of leaves' (Coleridge) (9).
13. Boy holds a periodic payment for paternity (9).
14. Agree her man is mixed up about love (9).
15. Universal vessel is possessed in Sanskrit writing (9).
18. Tried to find food for the elderly (7).
20. Relevant for a European on the East (7).
23. Name for lack of population (5).
24. Benefactor provides shilling article with thanks (5)
25. The first woman on the paper brings equality (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 461

B	A	C	K	L	I	F	T	S	■	C	R	A	S	H
A	■	O	■	U	■	R	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	U
R	U	M	P	S	T	E	A	K	■	N	A	I	L	S
O	■	E	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	S	■	B
N	U	T	B	R	O	W	N	■	P	O	R	T	I	A
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Prizewinners to No. 461

Mrs E. Laburn (Blairgowrie)
R. Armstrong (Kettering)
W. Morel (London, NW3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words). Minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

RHODES UNIVERSITY

Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth
South Africa

Applications are invited for the following posts in the Port Elizabeth Division of the University, from January 1962:

(1) LECTURER IN GEOGRAPHY
(2) LECTURER IN FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(3) LECTURER IN GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(4) LECTURER IN ECONOMICS
(5) LECTURER IN COMMERCE
(6) LECTURER IN HISTORY
(7) LECTURER IN SOCIOLOGY
(8) LECTURER IN SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY

The salary scale is R2,340 x R120 – R3,300 (£1,170 x 60 – 1,650) per annum. A vacation savings bonus, as in the Public Service, is also payable. Qualifications and experience may be taken into account in determining the commencing salary.

Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 July 1961.

REPORTERS

required by

TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT

for verbatim duties in Judiciary and for secretarial work.

CONTRACT – for one or two tours of 21/27 months with possibility of re-engagement.

COMMENCING SALARY – £1,287 a year (including Overseas Addition) in scale rising to £1,479 a year.

GRATUITY – £669/£950 payable on satisfactory completion of service.

FREE PASSAGES AND MEDICAL ATTENTION. LIBERAL FULLY-PAID LEAVE between tours and GENEROUS TERMINAL PAYMENT on completion of service. OUTFIT ALLOWANCE £45. ACCOMMODATION PROVIDED AT REASONABLE RENTAL. INCOME TAX LOWER THAN UK.

Officer will be based in coastal Capital offering good sporting and recreational facilities. Candidates must be single women possessing GCE or equivalent, and shorthand and typing speeds 160/60 w.p.m. approx.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3B/52884/NJ.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Assistantship in Political Economy

Applications are invited for an Assistantship in Political Economy. Salary scale: £800-£950 per annum. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than 30 June 1961, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH EDINBURGH HOSPITAL OUT-PATIENT ENQUIRY

Temporary Appointment of Records Officer

Applications are invited for the post of Records Officer to the above Enquiry. Duties will include the care of records, the supervision and checking of record-taking and general attention to the documents of this research. A graduate with previous experience of record keeping is preferred. The appointment will be for a period of two years, at a salary of £950 x £50 to £1,000 p.a. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary to the University, University of Edinburgh, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, 8.

INTERNATIONAL Jewish organisation requires personal secretary shorthand-typist for Consultant on International Affairs. Interesting and congenial work, five-day week. Please write full details education, experience to Box 3877.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MONASH UNIVERSITY

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

New Academic Positions

Monash University, which began teaching in March 1961, with 350 students in the Faculties of Arts, Economics and Politics, Science, Engineering, and Medicine, invites applications for appointment to the following newly-established Chairs, Senior Lectureships and Lectureships:

CHAIR OF FRENCH

It is the University Council's intention to make the first appointment at professorial level in the Department of Modern Languages, and it invites applications from persons suitably qualified in French.

The structure of the language departments has not been finally determined. While present arrangements continue, the successful applicant will act as head of the Department of Modern Languages (French and German) but separate departments of French (or Romance languages) and German (or Germanic languages) are under consideration. Courses in French and German have already been established under a Senior Lecturer and students will proceed to second-year courses (Pass and Honours) in 1962.

CHAIR OF POLITICS

The Chair of Politics will be held within the Faculty of Economics and Politics. It will be the responsibility of the Professor of Politics to develop courses for pass and honours students in the Faculties of Arts, and Economics and Politics. Politics 1 is at present a compulsory subject for first year students in the Faculty of Economics and Politics. This course was taught in 1961 under the supervision of a senior lecturer.

SENIOR LECTURESHIP OR LECTURESHIP IN ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship or Lectureship in Administration in the Faculty of Economics and Politics. The teaching of administration is being developed to meet the requirements of students in both business and public administration. Applicants should possess at least an honours degree or its equivalent. It is desirable that applicants have some formal training in economics as well as in one of the fields of administration.

SENIOR LECTURESHIPS & LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH

One appointment in English will be in the field of language. Applicants for this position should have special interests in Old and Middle English language and literature or in general linguistics and will also be expected to share in the general teaching of the department.

For the other appointments a special interest in English literature of the Renaissance (16th and 17th centuries) or in nineteenth century English literature would be welcomed, but candidates with other interests should not hesitate to apply.

SENIOR LECTURESHIPS & LECTURESHIP IN HISTORY

It is desired to make two appointments in the field of British and European History (1300-1600. 1600-1815) but, in addition to these, applicants with other specialities will also be considered for appointment. The successful applicants will be encouraged to pursue their individual research interests and financial provision is being made for the filming of documents.

LECTURESHIPS IN MODERN LANGUAGES (FRENCH, GERMAN, MALAY & INDONESIAN)

In French, one Lectureship is open to application by qualified persons of French nationality, and one to Anglo-Saxons; applicants should have experience in teaching both French language and literature, especially of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and preference for one appointment will be given to persons with experience in teaching Old and Pre-Renaissance French.

Applicants for the Lectureship in German should be capable of teaching German language and literature and to have some knowledge of Old German.

A Senior Lectureship or Lectureship is available for applicants qualified in Indonesian and Malay language. The successful applicant will have the opportunity of helping to determine the future development of this field of study.

SENIOR LECTURESHIPS & LECTURESHIPS IN PHILOSOPHY

The policy of the Department of Philosophy is to provide both a background knowledge of the history of philosophy and a training in current development in techniques. Applications will, accordingly, be considered from applicants interested in any branch of philosophy.

Successful applicants' teaching duties will, as far as possible, be allotted bearing their individual research interests in mind. Applicants are requested to provide single copies of some of their original work either published or unpublished, especially where their publications are not easily accessible.

LECTURESHIP IN ECONOMICS

Applications are invited for the position of Lectureship in Economics in the Faculty of Economics & Politics. The applicant should possess an honours degree or its equivalent. It is desirable that applicants should have a special interest in one or all of the fields of value theory, welfare economics or the theory of the firm.

Salary scales: Professors: Minimum of £A4,000 per annum. Senior Lecturers: £A2,480-2,950. Lecturers: £A1,660-2,360.

Full information on application procedure, conditions of appointment, superannuation, travel and removal allowances, study leave and housing is available from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or the Registrar of the University, PO Box 92, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Enquiries of a technical nature should be addressed to the Head of the relevant department.

Closing date: Applications close with the Registrar of the University on 31 July 1961.

F. H. JOHNSON, Registrar.

ESSEX
COURTS YOUTH CENTRE, OCKENDEN

Applications are invited for the post of full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (female) at this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and other subjects, and recreational activities, for over six hundred members. Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth Work and/or teaching. Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., with additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the acting Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex.
Closing date 10 July 1961.

INTERESTING POSTS WITH SCOPE & GOOD PAY

NEW OPENINGS FOR WOMEN

The YWCA of Great Britain invite applications from women of 23/35 interested in a career in the Youth Service.

Applicants will first work in a club for three months under supervision on relevant salary. Those approved will be recommended for three months or one year college training as appropriate; tuition & maintenance grants available. Those awarded a certificate will then be eligible for posts in YWCA or other Youth Clubs on Burnham Scale or Youth Leaders salary approved by Ministry of Education.

Apply in writing: Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, London, W1.

WRITER with political interests reqs Secretary. 9.30-1.0. Chelsea. Box 3949.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

IVS, the British Branch of Service Civil International, which has consultative status with UNESCO, requires limited numbers of long-term volunteers for demanding service in the Mediterranean area, Africa and Asia. Fares and maintenance at subsistence level are normally provided. Volunteers with qualifications in the following categories are currently needed:

(a) Medicine: physiotherapy; nursing
(b) Health visiting; child care; youth service
(c) Agriculture
(d) Teaching, especially with experience of teaching the handicapped.

Please write for details giving language qualifications to the General Secretary, International Voluntary Service, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1.

HM TRAINING PRISON, WAKEFIELD

The social work functions at this prison are being re-organised to include certain responsibilities at the adjacent Prison Service Staff College. Applicants are invited from progressively-minded social workers (men or women) who believe they can make a stimulating contribution to this work. Salary £835 (age 29 or over) and six annual increments to £1,025. Service as a probation officer and in certain other social welfare posts, credited for salary and superannuation purposes.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 15 July 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

SPRINGFIELD & SWINTON HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL,
MANCHESTER, 8
(800 BEDS)

Applications are invited for the post of

(a) Principal Clinical Psychologist – £1,425-£1,725.

(b) Senior Clinical Psychologist – £1,025-£1,425.

from holders of an Honours degree in Psychology of a British University (or qualifications approved by the Ministry of Health), having appropriate experience as laid down in PTA 72. Additional post-graduate qualifications would be an advantage. Applicants for (a) should indicate clearly if they do not wish to be considered for (b). Both posts will involve considerable responsibility in this hospital for the organisation and development of (a) psychological services, (b) research and (c) teaching of psychology to student nurses and other groups.

The hospital has been designated the first of a number of centres for training Clinical Psychologists; the Principal Psychologist will be responsible for training facilities and with the Senior Psychologist supervise all trainee psychologists attached to the hospital. Additional information is available on request from the Physician Superintendent.

Terms and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council scales.

Applications, with the names of two referees – at least one of whom should be a psychologist – to be sent to the Group Secretary, within 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES AREA WELFARE OFFICER

Applications are invited from Qualified Women Social Workers for non-resident appointment as Area Welfare Officer for East Kent based on Canterbury. Applicants should be C/E or Free Church, preferably have Social Science Diploma and subsequent experience in Boarding Out, Case Work and Girls' After Care. Unqualified applicants with good experience considered. Current Driving Licence.

Apply giving full particulars to Miss Scott, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E1.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

APPOINTMENT OF STUDENT SUPERVISOR

The Children's Department trains students who are taking the Applied Social Studies Course at King's College, Newcastle, and the Student Supervisor will be expected to take responsibility for a student unit. There will be four students in training at a time. An opportunity exists to share with the University staff and other supervisors in the development of the course. Minimum qualifications Child Care or Mental Health Certificate, with experience in a Children's Department. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Council Scale £960-£1,140. Car avail.

Applications stating full particulars of qualifications, experience and giving the names of 2 referees, to County Children's Officer, Blythswood South, Osborne Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 2, within fourteen days.

DEVON COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH RESEARCH COMMITTEE

RESEARCH WORKER required for two-year study of Community Mental Health Services in Devon. The project will provide an opportunity to acquire varied experience of social research; registration for a higher degree would be encouraged. Social Science qualification and research experience desirable. Salary in range £850-£1,000 p.a., plus car allowance.

Further details from Hon. Secretary, Devon Community Mental Health Research Committee, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter. Closing date 10 July 1961.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

RESIDENT SUPERVISOR

Salary – £625-£725, less emoluments £120 p.a. Annual leave six weeks.

Applications are invited from women between 23 and 40 who are interested in work with adolescent girls at the Girls' Remand Home, 104 Upperthorpe.

Apply to The Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.
Tel. 27241, Ext. 319.

POWICK HOSPITAL, NR WORCESTER

Social Worker required. This post suitable for some one wishing to gain wider experience of various aspects of the mental health service. Hospital Social Work Staff consists of one PSW, three social workers and two trainees. There are two Out-Patient Social Therapy Clubs and seven Out-Patient Clinics. Opportunities exist for the development of individual interests. Applications to Medical Superintendent.

VACATION WORK IN LONDON

(Shorthand-Typists & Typists)

Interesting jobs: Any period. Good pay.

Apply now:

NORA JEFFERIES BUREAU LTD,
89 FLEET ST, LONDON, EC4.
FLE. 5919.

BBC requires Persian Programme Organiser (British subject) for service broadcasting in Persian to Iran. Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff concerned with translation and broadcasting of news bulletins, talks, commentaries and feature programmes. Essential qualifications include some knowledge of Persian and of Iran and of international affairs with particular reference to Iran and the Middle East, together with wide cultural and general background and organising ability. If the successful candidate is not proficient in Persian he must be prepared to study in order to become reasonably fluent. A sense of news values, experience in production and planning of broadcast programmes and ability to write for radio would be advantages. Salary £1,575 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,000 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.278 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CENTRE for Urban Studies, University College London, requires for social and statistical research, (a) one Research Officer, salary within the range of £1,000 to £1,600; (b) one Research Assistant, salary within the range of £650 to £850. The starting salary in both posts is dependent upon qualifications and experience. A degree in one of the social sciences is essential for both posts; and research experience for the senior post. Please apply, giving details of qualifications, etc., to Secretary, Centre for Urban Studies, Flaxman House, Flaxman Terrace, WC1.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of International Relations; salary £A4,700. Reasonable travel and removal expenses are payable. One year's study leave, with travel allowance, will be granted after each three years' service. The Professor of International Relations, as Head of the Department, will be expected to encourage and supervise postgraduate research into the political, economic and legal relationships between nations, especially in the Asian and Pacific regions. It is not essential that an applicant's own field of research has been so directed. However, the University would be especially interested in applicants prepared to give this broad regional emphasis to their own work Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 1 August 1961. Notwithstanding this notification the Council of the University retains the right to fill the Chair by invitation at any stage.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for appointment to a position of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the Department of History. Preference will be given to applicants with special knowledge of European history within the period of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries who are qualified to replace Dr I. Schöffer who has accepted appointment as Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1,750/75/2,350 per annum and for a Senior Lecturer £A2,450/100/2,950 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU in both cases. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duty not earlier than 1 September 1961, or later than 1 March 1962. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 August 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Palmerston North University College. Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in History. The Council of the Victoria University of Wellington proposes shortly to appoint to the staff of Palmerston North University College a Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in History and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary for a Senior Lecturer will be £1,750 per annum rising to £2,000 per annum and for a Lecturer £1,250 rising to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Palmerston North will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 July 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the Chair of Medieval History. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary not less than £2,600 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications (twenty copies), giving full details of qualifications, publications, experience, etc., and the names and addresses of at least three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent not later than 15 July 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Overseas candidates may submit one copy of their application.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates or holders of a suitable professional qualification for a post as Tutor in the Department of Social Administration. The duties are concerned with the National Training Scheme for Hospital Administrators and experience in the organisation of training schemes will be an advantage. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance and the salary will be within the scale £800 x £50 to £950 or £1,050 x £50 to £1,550 (merit bar-line) x £75 to £1,850 according to experience and qualifications. Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be submitted by 10 July 1961.

THE University of Liverpool. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Social Science for work in Liverpool and District, especially for courses for groups of Youth Leaders and Social Workers. Qualifications required in Social Science and some experience in Social Work. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850, initial salary will be within the range £1,050-£1,550 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 8 July 1961, by the Registrar, quoting Ref. CV/NS, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CENTRAL Office of Information requires an Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). The main function is answering enquiries on a wide range of subjects arising from the information work of the Department with a special responsibility for a collection of maps and illustrations. Candidates should have a keen interest in current affairs. The ability to locate and obtain information from other organisations is essential. Starting salary will be fixed according to exp. and quals and will be on a scale rising to £1,214 p.a. Write, giving age, full details of experience and qualifications to Manager (PE.2190), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

LINGUIST Officers: Air Ministry. Eight posts for men with good knowledge of either Russian or Chinese (National language) normally to degree standard, who are prepared to serve overseas. Working knowledge of other languages, and of Service organisation desirable. Salary scale (national) £1,300-£1,430. Possibility of permanent status later. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5327/61. Closing date 21 July 1961.

STAMFORD House, London, W12, is a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 17, in four groups each supervised by two housemasters with supporting staff. Groups are separate except at assembly and meals, and spend their normal school hours in the education department. Vacancies for (i) Housemaster resident, married or single, who will be a member of a specialist team which assesses and allocates boys committed to approved schools and produces reports for Courts on boys remanded. Liaison with probation and welfare officers, psychologists and psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools. Comparable experience (preferably in approved school) essential, degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage Salary within £720-£1,050 less £138 for accommodation and board. Eight weeks leave including bank holidays. (ii) Housefathers resident or non-resident. Opportunities to deputise for housemasters and to assist them in assessment and allocation. Residential or comparable experience essential; Home Office Certificate and ability to organise hobbies and activities an advantage. Prospect of advancement to housemaster. £590 - £630 (under review) less £138 for accommodation etc. if resident (single accommodation only). Four weeks leave including bank holidays. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/N/1524/6), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council - County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time psychiatric social workers considered. Work is developing in scope & individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. More exper. psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 3 July. (Quote G487 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychotherapists (2 full-time) reqd in Child Guidance Service in Twickenham & South-West Middx. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate training &/or equiv. exper in Child Therapy essential. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 30 June (Quote G.529 NS).

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Education Department. Educational Psychologist. A full-time Psychologist is required for the Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service and associated School Psychological Service (Soulbury Grade II Scale). Candidates must possess honours degree in psychology or its equivalent with appropriate clinical training. Training and experience in teaching desirable. The Service offers an unusually wide and varied experience with children from infancy to late adolescence. Further information may be obtained from the County Education Officer or the Clinic may be visited by appointment with the Senior Psychologist. Applications should be sent to the County Education Office, County Hall, Hertford.

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified persons preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care for posts of one man and three women Child Care Officers. Salary within the scale £665 to £975 according to qualifications and experience. Car provided if necessary. Applications welcomed from students taking finals in 1961 Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the Wiltshire County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

YOUTH Leader for Girls' section of the Stepney Jewish Youth Club. Salary £450 plus residence. Exper. with teen-agers and knowledge of administration essential. Applicns to Miss P. J. Gerson, MBE, JP, Beaumont Hall, 2 Beaumont Grove, Ldn, E1.

HOUSEMOTHER, experienced and preferably trained, required in August to take charge of home in Romford for 12 children, 3-15 yrs. Wd move with children within short period to newly erected home nearby. National Scale of Salaries. Apply: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

MARRIED couple with previous experience or training required to take charge of Home for 17 boys and girls, 5-15 years, in Ilford. National Scale of Salaries. Accommodation available for own child. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

RESIDENT Social Worker with family or child care experience required in July at Crowley House to share in intensive family case work. Mothers and children in full residence. Fathers stay at week-ends. Applicant should be interested to share as a team member in all aspects of the work. Social science qualifications desirable, and ability to drive an advantage. Separate staff accommodation in new wing. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars from The General Secretary, Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist required at Brockhall Psychiatric Hospital for the Subnormal, Langho, Nr Blackburn, Lancashire This is a pioneer appointment in a large modern hospital with over 2,000 patients in residence, and comprising cases of severe subnormality, subnormality and psychopathic disorder. The hospital serves an extensive industrial area and out-patient clinics are being developed. Salary scale £1,025-£1,425 per annum. Applications stating essential particulars should be sent to the Medical Superintendent at the hospital.

A SENIOR Psychologist in department of three is required by Uffculme Clinic and All Saints Hospital, Birmingham, both conveniently situated in good grounds in the City Visiting (by appointment, please) welcomed. Salary from £1,076 (PTA Circular 72). Active research centre with wide opportunities for single and collaborative work. Applications, with age, curriculum vitae and two referees to the Medical Superintendent, All Saints Hospital. Birmingham, 18, by 15 July.

NORTH Middlesex Hospital, London, N18. Senior Almoner required for work in Chest Clinic and on Chest Wards in North Middlesex Hospital. Own office in Chest Clinic within the hospital grounds. This post to form part of existing Almoner's Department. Applications to the Secretary, giving age, qualifications, experience, and the names of two referees.

WORTHWHILE work! Cook urgently needed for small Rudolf Steiner school for backward children Residential, vegetarian. Maximum numbers 45 Ravenswood School, Crowthorne, Berks.

SINGLE man or woman (mid twenties to late thirties) with good junior school teaching experience and experience of boarding school life, for small school of emotionally disturbed children of good intelligence. Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire

PART-time research assistant required, starting 1 August, for four half-days weekly (partly in evenings) at £2 per half day. Work partly laboratory and partly home visiting – car essential, expenses paid. Technical, nursing or sociological experience an asset. Apply to Dr A St J. Dixon, Rheumatology Department, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W12.

BALGAY School, Dundee. Lady Supervisor (Deputy Head) required for the above school. This is an Approved School for 60 girls of 13-16 years of age, the Head of which is a married man. Applications are invited from women for the residential post of Deputy Head. Qualifications – General Teaching (Chapter V or IV). Specialist Teaching in Homecraft or qualifications and/or experience in Social Work. Previous Approved School work an advantage but not essential The work will be mostly social and administrative and will afford a chance to the successful applicant, of interesting pioneer work in this field. Normally the work will involve taking charge of an occasional class. Salary, for a qualified teacher, will be – Scale i.e. £1,100 maximum plus £80 Article 39 (if applicable), plus Approved School Allowance of £135, plus Responsibility element of £130, plus Extraneous duty allowance of £234 (maximum) The post is superannuable. Application forms from the Headmaster, Balgay School, Blackness Road, Dundee.

HOUSEMISTRESS required September boarding school 100 girls. Academic qualifications, teaching or administrative experience desirable Salary from £800 Apply Principal, West Heath, Sevenoaks

COPY-typist: temporary, 10-5 p.m 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GULBENKIAN Foundation Scholarships at Hillcroft College for the year's residential course beginning October 1961. Open to women between about 32 and 42 who need general education and refreshment to prepare for vocational training as teachers, social workers, etc. School Certificate not necessary, but candidates should have done useful service in their jobs, worthwhile voluntary work, carried family responsibility, or travelled enterprisingly; and have read widely or attended adult classes. Other grants available for younger women and those seeking liberal education without wanting professional training afterwards. Apply at once to Secretary (N5), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

CHIEF Clerk required for department organising school practice and school visits. General office work, with some shorthand-typing, and planning of programmes and interviewing students. Experience or knowledge of schools essential: graduate preferred. Salary on scale £800 x £30 – £950 with 5 weeks' annual leave. Applications to Dr Dixon, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary Workers' Educational Association, South Western District. The successful applicant will be required to live in or near Plymouth and to join the Association's Superannuation Scheme. The salary scale is £900 increasing by eight annual increments of £50 and three of £75 to £1,525. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Second advertisement – previous applicants need not re-apply. Further details and applicn forms, which should be returned by 5 July, can be obtained from the District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Sq., Plymouth.

HAMP & Boissevain seek architectural assistants & secretary in their London office. Holiday & salary plus incentive bonus this year to successful applicants. Write 37 Newton Road, W2.

2 Editors reqd by book publisher. Newspaper or magazine and rewrite experience desirable. Must be graduate with strong humanities or science background. Some knowledge of production desirable. Must have keen eye for clarity of style and factual accuracy. Give details of education, age, editorial experience. Box 3879.

TRADE Union Organiser required for the Film and Television Industry. Please write in the first instance for full details, scope of duties and application form, to the General Secretary, Association of Cinematograph Television and Allied Technicians, 2 Soho Square, London, W1.

WEA, South Eastern District, and Kingsgate College, Broadstairs (National Council of YMCA's). Tutor Organiser required for duties in East Kent and in the College. Salary Scale £900-£1,500. Applicants should be graduates in one or more of the subjects usually taught in adult education. Particulars and application forms from The District Secretary, WEA, 'Merton', 4 Castle Hill, Rochester, Kent. Applications should be submitted not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this advertisement.

URGENTLY required. An experienced teacher of English for foreign students. 3-4 hours, Monday to Friday. Good salary. Please write to Box 3998.

PUBLICITY and Publications Assistant (woman). Initiative more essential than previous experience. Adequate shorthand and typing. Salary certainly not less than £600. Typed applications to Secretary, Income Tax Payers' Society, Abbey House, Victoria Street, London, SW1.

TUTOR (male or female) with a thorough knowledge of German wanted to teach English to foreign students 2-3 hours daily SW London area. Send full particulars, etc., to Box 3950.

SECRETARY Shorthand/typist, with good education and experience, required by Managing Director of large group of companies in Holborn area. Important position, carrying an excellent salary for successful applicant. Five-day week. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Write fully, in confidence, to Box 3937

PERSONAL Secretary (with good shorthand/typing speeds) required mid-August at University College London (Gower St, WC1). Extremely interesting post for unmarried woman (aged 24-34); must be adaptable, imperturbable and have sense of humour. Wide variety of duties, including assistance with arrangement of College functions and selection of personnel. 6 wks annual holiday. Applics: Assistant Secretary

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5 area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 3438.

PROFIT from your principles: Shorthand-typists and duplicating machine operators are invited to apply for vacancies with the Labour Party, where their views will fit and their work will be worthwhile. Conditions of work and progressive salaries are Union-negotiated. Part-timers also welcomed. Write or 'phone Administrative Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, SW1. Tel. No.: VICtoria 9434.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORD Committee for Famine Relief requires a Personal Secretary to assist a senior executive. Ability to work on own initiative essential. This is a permanent, pensionable appointment, on a salary scale starting at £475. Qualified secretaries with a real interest in the objects of the charity are invited to apply by letter to 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

THE Arts Council of Great Britain requires an experienced shorthand-typist for Art Department & junior male ledger clerk. Telephone Mr Wightman, WHI. 9737.

SECRETARY, 20/25, for Theatrical Agent, W1. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

SECRETARY for German law office. Perfect in German shorthand/typing. No Saturday work. Salary from £11 p.w. upwards. Apply Dr Kraft, 7 Kingsmead, New Barnet, Herts. BAR. 0724.

GANYMED Press require typist at once in their Holborn Gallery. Apply 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. HOL. 6465.

SENIOR Copy-Typist required by major Mayfair Public Relations Company. Hours 9.30-5.30. Salary by arrangement. Please write giving full details of experience, typing speed, shorthand, if any, to Box 3874.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. Clerks, temporary, 6s. per hour. MUSeum 6858.

MERMAID Theatre requires Coffee Bar attendant 5 mornings and 3 evenings weekly. Tel.: CITy 6981.

SECRETARY for long term temporary post in modern City office. Top salary. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1 HUN 0677

TEMPORARY job on farm July or August. Semi-furnished cottage with all mod. cons and standard wage. Write Woolley, Church Farm, Lyminster, Littlehampton, Sussex.

BEYOND The Fringe – there could be that exciting job for you at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD History graduate, Exhibitioner, Public School, 4 years teaching to Schol. level, seeks interesting post. Research, teaching or tutoring preferred but other fields considered. Box 3954.

YOUNG, qualified teacher of dancing reqs post in school with progressive outlook. Would assist with junior art, drama or house-mothering. Reply: Box 3741

CHARMING, talented, TV exper. Collie sks occas. employment. PARk 7095.

FELLOWSHIPS

RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS
in
GOVERNMENT SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENTS
Tenable for three years

Value £1,325-£1,640 p.a. (Senior) and £910-£1,220 p.a. (Junior). A very wide range of topics in Physics, Mathematics, Chemistry, Engineering, Biology and other fields. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree; evidence of high standard of ability in research; and at least 2 years' post-graduate research experience (3 years for Senior Fellowships). Those completing these periods of experience in 1961 may apply. FSSU. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5244/61.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS

You are invited to join an informal House Party of professional people. BRITAIN (Cornwall, Norfolk & Berkshire). CONTINENT (Swiss Lakeside, Austrian Tyrol, Italian Riviera, Spanish Costa Brava, Norway).

ERNA LOW, 47 (ns) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KENsington 8881/4.

GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murison-cart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

TO Russia: by private coach via Central Europe, return Scandinavia. Camping. Leave Dover 1 Aug., back 3 Sept. Young people. 85 gns. Few vacs. Dets: H. J. Rawlinson, Wolverton Cottage, Hog's Back, Surrey.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

HOLIDAYS undecided? Join party Austria 6-21 August. Suit not-so-young men/women. 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol, 8.

LAKE Garda, Italy – Five vacs in private party. Good hotel. Bathing, mountains, dancing. 2 nights Venice incld. 16 days, 10-25 Aug. 41½ gns. T. & P. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill Sth, Ldn, SW16. POL. 2230.

RONDA, Andalusia. Long vacation courses in Spanish. Board and tuition £9 9s. per week. Box 3868.

ITALIA 61, comf. room available for NS types centre Turin anytime July-September with Australians, lazy, free atmosphere, £4 wkly: write Prof. Neil Hope, Via Gaudenzio Ferrari 2, Turin, Italy.

BANDOL, S. France. Charming villa, b. & b. from 12s. 6d. 10 yds sea. Full August. Brochure. Box 3905.

WHERE TO STAY

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

WEST Cornwall. In fishing village. 7 gns weekly. Food home-cooked. Own boat. Lambourn, Mousehole. Mousehole 236.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house standing in 4 acres off the beaten track, all our own produce, billiards, croquet, putting, licensed bar, an ideal spot for a quiet holiday. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield, Rogate 93

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY. 1310.

DON'T stay. Sail away, cruising as you wish. 3 guests, anytime. Box 3960.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

ST LEONARDS-on-Sea, Bay View Hotel, Sea Front. We face South and the Covered Promenade and have all the usual facilities, including a trained chef, genuine comfort, good food, and reasonable terms too. Tariff: N. Kemp. Tel. Hastings 435.

'OLD Vienna', Ovingdean, Brighton. The friendliness and warm hospitality of an Alpine châlet. Viennese proprietress welcomes children and pets. Moderate family terms. Phone: Rottingdean 2426.

DEVON. Old Court, Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe. Centrally heated guest house in Old World village. 1 mile sea. French & English cuisine, 6-9 gns per week. Tel. Combe Martin 3066.

NORTH Wales. Vegetarian and Vegan Guest House, nr mountains & sea. Lovely woodland garden. Brochure from Jeannie and George Lake, 'Plas-y-coed', Penmaen Park, Llanfairfechan. Tel. 161. VCA Mem.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

UNIV. lecturer's Primrose Hill flat available for 1 year from 1 Aug., 2 bedrooms, large lounge, kit., bath., fully furn. incl. linen, crockery, frig., 6 hrs' service p.w. 9 gns weekly. Box 4004.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd. East Croydon CRO 2634

3RD congenial socialist (f.) for Hampstead flat. Please write: Box 3660.

LEFT Wing professional man has bed-sitting room to let in modern flat. Share modern kitchen, frig., telephone. 2 minutes tube, Bakerloo Line. £18 per calendar month. Box 3903.

WANTED, girl for bed-sitting room in newly decorated Regency house, W2; share dining-room, kitchen, garden, etc. £4 10s. Ring BAYswater 4261.

2 small furnished rooms (bedroom and kitchen-living room), fully equipped, in professional household in Highbury. 4 gns per week. Box 3826.

TO let furnished 6 July to 5 October. Central top-flr flat comprising bedroom with two beds, sitting-room, kitchen-bathroom. Telephone. Six guineas weekly plus 1s. slot gas. Box 3989.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

2 adjoining bed-sitting-rms facing gardens. Both own phone, book-lined walls. Kit., bath. NW3. 7 gns. PRI. 1363.

BED-sit., share kitchen, bath etc., in large light 5th floor flat near Queensway shared by 4 (m. 24-35). No restrictions. £3 plus share overheads. BAY. 8714.

LOVENESTS for newly marrieds and garrets for poets obtainable through the NW London letting specialists, Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

LGE room for sale in shared house near Hampstead Hth. SWI. 4306 aft. 6 p.m.

3 rooms, kit. and bathrm. S/c. in block. 3-year lease renewable. £5 p. wk. incl. £500 complete contents. DOL. 7792.

MID-July-mid-Sept., male offered share WC1 flat, 2 months/part. Box 3887.

COMF. bed/sit. overlkg Battersea Pk, suit prof. woman. Use k., b. Box 4001.

LARGE bed-sit. room with kitchenette, use bathroom; conven. for City. £4 wkly. CAN. 6951 bef. 9 a.m. or aft. 7 p.m.

UNFURN. s/c. flat, 2 rooms, k. & b., Regent's Pk. Avail. 1 Aug. Frig., etc. £7 10s. wkly. F. & f. £150 inc. wall-to-wall carpeting. Box 3963.

HIGHGATE. Bach. flat, well-furn. & equip. – b/sit. rm, own kit., bathrm, use frig. All elec. 4 gns. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

FURN. flat g. flr. 3 rms + k., b., frig. Suit 2/2½/3. Streatham. 6 gns. TUL. 8756

AVAILABLE end July, luxury flat on Streatham Hill, centrally heated, c.h.w. Rent £250 p.a. Room for 1,000 books. Fixtures & fittings to be sold. Tel.: TUL. 9942.

TO let 21 July-21 August, semi-luxury furnished flat in handy SE London suburb. 7 gns p.w. Box 3958.

S/C. flat: 3 lge rms, kit., bthrm, h. & c., attic, garage, gdn. Decoration to taste. 30 min. Charing X. (Lee). 50 year lease. £2,600. (Ground rent £60 p.a.). KIP. 5153.

FURNISHED 4-bedrm family house 10 mins walk tube. Frig., washing machine, under floor heating, garage. From Aug. 1 year or more. 12 gns incl. ENField 8112.

NE Essex coast. Old-world cottage, sailing, sea-birds, quiet, elec.; sleep 6. To let 22 July-8 Sept. £35. Box 3867.

EDINBURGH Festival. 2 bed-sitters, own kitchenette, share bath. 3 weeks 16 gns. Box 3710.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LARGE room or flat for Posture Therapy Clinic (deep tissue massage) wanted near Finchley Road or Baker St Stn. Anyone interested or helpful please write Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

EALING. 2 good rms, kit., bath, reqd by prof. woman, permanent. Box 3788.

WANTED, furnished house for African writer, two months only from 20 July. Box 3966.

YOUNG woman barrister, graduate, wants quiet, tiny flat, fairly central; reasonable rent. Box 3891.

CHEAP London room wtd for July. Research stud. (f.); wd baby-sit. Box 3941.

EMBASSY sec. sks furn. flatlet up to £7. BAY. 4821 Mon.-Fri., 10-1 & 3-6.

YOUNG law student (m) sks share flat during August. Any offers? Box 3856.

BRISTOL: Director Old Vic reqs pleasant self-contained unfurn. 4-roomed flat. Redland or Clifton. From Aug. Box 3930.

COTTAGE (unfurn.) wanted to purchase, must have garden; country or sea Southern England. Up to £2,000 f'hld. Box 4000.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/ Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

SHORTHAND-typing, translations French, German, Spanish, Slav languages, evenings & wkends, also home-work & tutoring. Vera Toal, 25 Lady Somerset Rd, NW5.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

TRANSLN from or into German, confident., reliable, mod. fees. Box 3732.

COURSES etc.—contd from p.1028

RUSSIAN Conversation Classes taking place at Morley College in July 1961, on Wednesdays and Fridays at 6-9 p.m. Enquiries: PARk 5582, mornings only.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

ESPERANTO is taught in 340 schools in 27 countries, with excellent results. British Esperanto Association, 140 Holland Park Avenue, W11.

FOR high grade secretarial posts or verbatim reporting in up-to-date organisations, learn Palantype (Machine Shorthand). Invaluable where scientific, technical, medical and legal terms, or foreign languages are used. Easy to learn. Telephone for demonstration or write for prospectus of day and evening courses. The Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, WC1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162/3.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N21, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

PIANO lessons. Ann Stott, LRAM, GRSM. Beginners welcome. SPEedwell 9974.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

A SUMMER SCHOOL BY THE SEA
Kingsgate College, Broadstairs,
12-26 August
History, Politics, Africa, Literature, Music.
Prospectus and application forms from:
WEA, 4 Castle Hill, Rochester, Kent.

BUDDHIST Summer School. 1-8 Sept. at Hoddesdon, Herts. Activities will include talks and discussions on Buddhism; training and practice in meditation. Speakers include Mr Christmas Humphreys, the Ven. Paññavaddho Bhikkhu, Mr Phiroz Mehta. Recreational facilities include tennis and putting, excursions and many pleasant walks and retreats nearby. Cost £10 5s. Full details and booking form from Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. TAT. 1313.

PENDLEY Manor, Tring, Herts, holds interesting weekends for all adults on subjects from: 1 & 2 July 'Adventures in Ideas', an introduction to some of the great thinkers. 7-9 July, A serious look at Jazz. 28-30 July 'Painting', few vacancies left.

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses. One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIM. 2161.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners. Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3795.

PERSONAL

STUDENT (f.) wishes join group holidaying cheaply. Greece/anywhere in sun. From mid-August. Reigate 3339.

PERSONAL—continued

TRAIN TO WRITE TELEVISION SCRIPTS
with the only specialist Professional School in Europe.
Write to:
TELEVISION WRITING SCHOOL,
Dept 407, 14 Sackville Street, W1, or 'phone REG. 0721.

AUSTRALIAN/New Zealand friends seek flat suitable 2/3 sharing. Central/outer London. References. Box 3869.

WANTED: lift to Gibraltar for small volunteer UNA work-camp. 10 July approx. Share expenses. GUL. 4507 or Box 3996.

INTELLIGENT girl or boy, perhaps misunderstood by tycoon parent, is offered pupil/apprenticeship in photography to IBP or C & G exam. standards. Enormous premium might be reduced or waived in special case. John Vickers, FIBP. Tel. VIC. 4915.

HOLIDAY help. Swiss girl teaching at Nursery School, 32 Glenilla Road, NW3, free 24 July to 12 August, would like job, preferably at seaside.

INTELLIGENT, trustworthy gentlewoman, friendly, seeks refined home with kindly, intelligent and sympathetic woman as sole guest. Permanent if happy. No nursing home or nurses; no children. Definitely not an invalid but requires a little assistance in dressing, etc., owing to shock after recent bereavement. Nothing to alarm. Needs very large room with big window, sunny if possible. Warmth most essential; two separate plugs for wireless and fire, and h. & c. fitted basin; good food. All meals in own room. Lover of good music. Gladly offers £5 10s. weekly for congenial home. Address: Mrs Gwen M. Frostick, c/o Mrs Phillipps, Kerrow Moor, Bugle, Cornwall.

SCHOOLTEACHER'S widow 40, Hungarian, wishes hol. Aug. in friendly house; p.g. Country or sea quite essent. Box 3945.

FAMILY moving, sells superb 5 mths' use New Miniroyal piano. FRO. 2687.

FRENCH stud. 20, personable, fluent/Eng., desp. sks means of staying in Eng. July-Sept. Any work considered. Box 3870.

RELIABLE young lady experienced with children, seeks baby-sitting, evenings or afternoons. Box 3703.

ISRAELI boy, 17, would like to spend 2 months London as paying guest with Jewish family (not orthodox) preferably where there is boy of similar age. Box 3714.

BERLIN: University Defence Policy Group hopes to publish soon pamphlet on Berlin and peace. Experts on current situation please urgently contact: Box 3953.

BUILDING surveyor, consultant architects and artist retained, would welcome commission to rehabilitate period house or small mansion, convert derelict building to dwelling, or similar. South, East or Home Counties. Box 3943.

ARTISTS who are willing to exhibit works rejected by RA selectors are invited to write to Westminster Galleries, who are shortly sponsoring such an exhibition at 42 Broadway, SW1.

PANTOMIME Society operating in Central London requires male & female members, for Dec./Jan. production of 'Sinbad'. This is a non-profit-making organisation, performing for charitable purposes. Applications invited for the Acting & Non-Acting sections. Casting July. Box 3829.

WRITER, sales over 1,000,000 words but no experience TV or film work, seeks experienced collaborator to script short TV plays and at least one film from published material. John Brunner, 38 Sarre Road, NW2. SWI. 3342.

PUBLISHING house would like to hear from people capable of translating from the French a wide range of books of scientific and general interest. Box 3675.

CANADIAN coming to England seeks correspondence with other NS readers, age group 20-35. Box 3755.

FIVE vacancies exist on Independent Boys' School journey to Finistère, 28 Aug. – 10 Sept. Details PINner (Middx) 0271.

CULTIVATED Italian girl, 23, science undergrad., wants exchange holiday or to be paying guest with Central London family July-August. References. Write Rabbone, Corso Umberto 97, Turin, Italy.

GERMAN lessons: beginners/advanced. GCE & conversation. PRI. 6217 evngs.

YOUNG woman grad. offers tuition French or English, Cen. Lon. Box 3969.

IDA Kar, Photographer. Portrait sittings from 25 gns. REGent 2503.

AMATEUR Music Group invites players – quartets etc. HAM. 8109 evgs/wkends.

JOIN The Magic Eye Film Society, 154 Bayswater Rd, W2, now, and you will enjoy good films, make new friends and become a free Associate Member of The National Film Theatre. Details from Secretary, above address.

FAMILY Planning Clinics need voluntary & paid workers (15s. a session) 1 evening a week, Wandsworth or Pimlico districts. Apply for detls to the Secretary, 13 Stafford Mansions, Albert Bridge Rd, SW11.

PAINTING and Art Appreciation. Studio overlooking unspoilt Sennen Cove specialises in inexpensive 7-day courses for beginners. Details K. L. Moss, 'Pendare', Escalls, Sennen, Cornwall.

LARGE room or flat for Posture Therapy Clinic (deep tissue massage) wanted near Finchley Road or Baker St Stn. Anyone interested or helpful please write Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

CHILDREN in Our Hands. Hungry, lost, frightened. They have eaten earth and grass. Now being nourished, sheltered and educated in an orphanage near Tunis. We need £4,000 a year to maintain 140 boys, Algerian Refugee Children. Please support this work of mercy and send to: Rt Hon. James Griffiths, War on Want, London, W5.

HUMANISM – the outlook for the world we live in. Write Ethical Union (E), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PUSH-Button transistorised Metronome now on market. £4 4s. Details: 'Penair', South Hill Ave, Harrow, Mx. BYRon 1079.

TELEPATHY research group: if interested write Box 3975.

MAKE sure of your Potapova Course on Russian pronunciation. Heavy initial demand has left stocks depleted. 4-10" LP Records in Album with 78 pp. booklet. Price £4 10s. From booksellers, record dealers or Collet's Record Shop (N11), 70 New Oxford Street, London, WC1.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Educ. Write 254b Kew Rd, Richmond, Sy.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov. 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA 4354

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni. WEL. 6655

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate. W8

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AWARDS

GEORGE Russell (AE) Memorial Fund. The Fund was established to foster literature in Ireland as a memorial to George Russell (AE) in gratitude for the dedication of his great gifts to Ireland. Awards are made periodically from the Fund in recognition of published or unpublished literary work, creative or scholarly, which, in the opinion of the Advisory Committee, is of a high standard of merit. Awards may also be made for similar work planned although not yet completed. An Award of £100 is offered for the year 1962. Candidates must be of Irish birth and ordinarily resident in any part of Ireland, and must not have attained the age of 35 years on 1 January 1962. Application Forms (obtainable from the Trustee), together with three copies of the work or works submitted should be forwarded on or before 1 December 1961, to the Trustee of the Fund: Bank of Ireland, Trustee Department, College Green, Dublin.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Forgotten Prisoners'. An International Publication. The English edition now on sale. Reprints Peter Benenson's front page article from 'The Observer' Week-End Review which launched Appeal For Amnesty 1961, together with an explanation of this world-wide scheme to help those suffering for their opinion or religion. Ask at your booksellers or order from 1 Mitre Court Bldgs, Temple, EC4. Price 1s. (1s. 3d. post free), 10s. p. doz. (Post extra).

UNITY Pamphlets. No. 1. Should we Control Immigration? by Ben Parkin, MP. No. 2. Does Eichmann Matter? by Maurice Orbach. 6d. each, 1s. 2d. both plus postage: London Committee Inter-Racial Unity, 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

WRITERS Workshop Miscellany (Tagore No.) 220 p., $1. 'Outstanding. Shd be read from cover to cover' (Stephen Spender). 162/92 Lake Gdns, Calcutta 31, India.

TRANSATLANTIC Review No. 6 now on sale at Blackwells, Oxford and London booksellers, or from 33 Ennismore Gardens, SW7. Contributors include William Faulkner, Peter Viereck, Jeremy Brooks, Mary Cecil, Henry Van Dyke, Alfred Andersch, E. M. Cioran, etc. Drawings by Eugene Berman, Elaine de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and other artists. 6s. net.

OPEN-eyed buying results from studying 'Shopper's Guide' (10s. p.a.). It tells you how branded goods stand up to working tests; shows you how to spend wisely. Write Consumer Council, Orchard House, Orchard Street, W1.

NEW Zealand publisher with rapidly expanding general list seeks British publisher to represent him and issue his books in Great Britain. Box 8645.

BOMBS do not stop us! 'France-Observateur', France's most stimulating Left weekly, 2s. the issue: £1 for 3 mos.; 6 mos., £1 17s. 6d.; 1 yr, £3 10s. Cheques made out: 'Andrew Roth', 26 Palace Chambers, Bridge St, SW1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs We collect. RIV 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAL 3030.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

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Evgs 7.30, Mat. Sats at 2.0
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THEATRES

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Blacks' by Genet. Last wk. Tues. Arnold Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

STRAND. TEM. 2660. Evgs 7.30, Thur., Sat. 2.30. Jeremy Brett in 'Hamlet'. Until 15 July.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Wed. next 7.30, sub. 8. 'They might be giants'.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'The Lady's Not for Burning' 23, 24 (Mems 25, 7 p.m.), 28, 29, 30 June, 1 July at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Bertolt Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard'. Music Eisler. Trans A. Hinchliffe. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems. 'Remarkably well staged, ably directed with good performances', Hobson, S. Times, 'Hans Eisler's music is thrilling and the acting level is high in its genre', Tynan, Observer. Box Office 10-1 and 6-10.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Pillars of Society' by Henrik Ibsen, 23, 24 June. 'Under Milk Wood' by Dylan Thomas, 27, 28 June. 'Teahouse of the August Moon' by John Patrick, 30 June. Perfs. 2.30 & 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Lecture-Demonstrations on Yoga by B. K. S. Iyengar, Yoga Teacher of Yehudi Menuhin: (a) Sun. 2 July at 11.30 a.m. at Everyman Cinema, NW3 (nr Hampstead Tube Stn); (b) Wed. 5 July at 7.30 p.m. at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. Mr Iyengar will be in England only for three weeks, and will give private lessons to selected students.

(2) Asian Music & Dance Academy – Classes to teach Dances (Bharat Natyam, Kathak, etc.), Javanese and Balinese Dances, the Sitar, Tabla and Singing, Tagore Songs.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

MARTHA Schlamme of international fame sings 'Songs of many Lands' in English, French, Spanish, German, Yiddish, Hebrew. Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, 27 June at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: Reserved 10s., 7s.; unreserved 4s. obtainable at the Hall and usual agents.

RECENT American Recordings III: Sounds of New Music. Compositions by Cage, Varese, Cowell, Ussachevsky and Luening. Experiments by Ussachevsky, Marin and Jacobs. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 29 June, 12.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE
COMING OF
TALKIES

Scarface, Hell's Angels,
The Singing Fool.

Membership details:
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Spirit of the Dance' (U). Prog. of dance films.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 2 July: D. W. Griffith's 'Intolerance' (A) Unabridged.

RUSSIAN programme at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. English Students of Russian present Excerpts of Russian Classics, Russian Songs, Russian Dances, Sunday, 25 June 1961, at 6 p.m. Admission free.

GARDEN Party: meet visiting Soviet writers – Surkov, Polevoi, Andronnikov, Bazhan and others – and cinema actors, producers, cameramen. SCR House, 14 Kensington Sq., W8, this Saturday, 24 June, 3 p.m. 2s. 6d. inc. refreshments. Other Garden Parties Sunday, 9 and 23 July. Reserve dates now.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Party, Wednesday, 28 June, 8.30-11 p.m. Dancing to The Melody Men. Members free – Guests 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Two new publications: Matisse 'The Blue Room' and De Stael 'Persimmons and a Glass', on view at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery (HYD. 6195). Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Opens 24 June.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibition: 7, 8, 9 July. 3 to 7 p.m. daily.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 15 July: Selection from the Salon des Réalitiés Nouvelles, Paris.

RETROSPECTIVE Exhibition, Marsden Hartley, paintings and drawings. Until 15 July, USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Upper Brook St ent., W1 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Marcoussis (extended till 1 July). 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley – Paintings. Until 1 July. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath St, NW3. Recent paintings by Rhoda Pepys, until 15 July. Wkdays 2-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Guy Worsdell, Mansell Rivers, Billie Waters. 19 June-8 July. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E2. – Exhibition 'The Rural Craftsman': woodwork, furniture, pottery, leatherwork, basketry and metalwork. 10 June to 9 July.

MOLTON Gallery. Paul Klee: Oils, gouaches, drawings. 21 June-15 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Queenswood artists. 10-5.30. Thursday 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Australian Painting 1961. 3 June-23 July. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Gwen John (1876-1939): Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 8 July. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

DAUMIER: Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. English and French Engravings of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 9.30-5.30, Saturdays 9.30-1.0.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). Jackson Pollock. Admission 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Till 24 June.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ACTION AGAINST POLARIS

Rally to launch new civil disobedience campaign against Polaris.

J. B. S. Haldane and other Committee of 100 speakers.

7 p.m. Sunday, 2 July, St Pancras Town Hall

COMMITTEE OF 100

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Martin Ennals: 'On Civil Liberties'. Wed. 28 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

FREE The World From War. Rally Trafalgar Square, Saturday, 1 July, 3 p.m. Eileen Fletcher, Victor Gollancz, Clifford Macquire, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Michael Randle, Myrtle Solomon, Donald Soper. March to the Square from Marble Arch with Pipe Band. Assemble 1.30 p.m. Organised by Pacifist Fortnight Campaign, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

MAPAM Open Forum – Symposium on '50 Years of the Kibbutz Movement'. A) At 104 Nightingale Rd, E5 – 8 p.m. on Sunday, 25 June. Speakers: M. Orbach, Mrs S. Yaari, P. Merhav & N. Rose. B) At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6, 8 p.m. on Saturday, 1 July. Speakers: Mrs Y. Merhav, A. Yaari & P. Merhav. All welcome.

TALKING about China – a day of information and discussion. 25 June. 10.30-5.30. 27 College Crescent, Nr Swiss Cottage, NW3. Garden if fine. Morning – Mrs Gladys Yang on Education. Afternoon – Dr J. S. Horn on internal developments. Admission – all day 2s. 6d., per session 1s. 6d. Refreshments. BCFA, Hampstead.

'MODERN Jewish Writing – A Criticism'. Lecture by Charles Angoff of USA. Gustav Tuck Theatre, University College, WC1. Monday 26 June, 7.45 p.m. Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue, H. J. Blackham and J. B. Coates on 'A Humanist Political Philosophy?', Tuesday, 27 June, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

WELCOME to Washington – A visit to the capital of the United States. The Greatest Treasure – A film about the many services of the Library of Congress, located in capital city. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 29 June, 6.30 p.m. and 7.45 p.m. Adm. free.

ONE Fortnight for Peace, 18 June-2 July. Open House at 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Weekdays only from 7 p.m. Films 26, 27, 28 June. Exhibition; Discussion; Questions on 'Free the World from War'. EUS. 5501 for Programme Pacifist Fortnight Campaign.

SILENCE till Peace Campaign Inaugural Meetg Tues. 8 Aug. Friends House 7.30.

HAMPSTEAD UNA. Pakistan Dep. High Commissioner, Westfield Col., Kidderpore Ave, Platts La. NW3, Sat. 1 July 3.30.

CND – Midsummer Comedy Evening – 'Mr Deeds Goes to Town' plus Laurel & Hardy. 8 p.m. Thursday, 29 June, St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row, W1. (Marylebone Rd/Edgware Rd).

PUSHKIN Club, 2[illegible] Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 23 June, 8 p.m. Mrs Katherine Stidworthy: 'Pushkin'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

ATV's 'Forum' Debate series starts this Sunday, 25 June. Motion: 'The British Parliament has lost prestige and has deserved to'. Main speakers: Anthony Howard (New Statesman) and David Fairbairn. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5 by 1 p.m.

POETRY in Russia. Readings and discussion; Surkov, Bazhan, Andronnikov, Chikovani in person. Kensington Public Library, Hornton St, W8, Monday, 26 June, 7.30 p.m. 2s. 6d. Tickets: SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8; Collet's Russian Bookshop, 45 Museum St, WC1; and at door.

'ABSOLUTE Reality' (Life and how to live it). Dr Alfred Aiken, lecturer and author of New York, will be giving three Open Lectures as follows: Sunday 9 July at 3 p.m. at Agriculture House, Hyde Park Corner, Monday and Wednesday 10 & 12 July at 7 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Information as to Closed Classes (2 forums, each of 3 sessions) from FRO. 2673.

STEPHEN Schenk, BSc., on Social Change and Modern Fiction, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sunday 25 June, 11 a.m.

PSYCHOLOGY, Sociology, discussion, dancing, painting, rambling – are you interested? Write: Progressive League (N3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 25 June, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Role of Higher Education in India': B. D. Soni.

SPECIAL Meeting – ULT Day. Public lecture. 25 June, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 28 June, 6.30 p.m. 'A European looks at Buddhism': Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Also Saturday, 1 July, 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

'BRAINWASHING' – the views of a practising Psychologist. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, on Wednesday, 28 June at 8 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 25 June. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Swami Avyaktananda, 'The Cold War and a Peace Plan'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

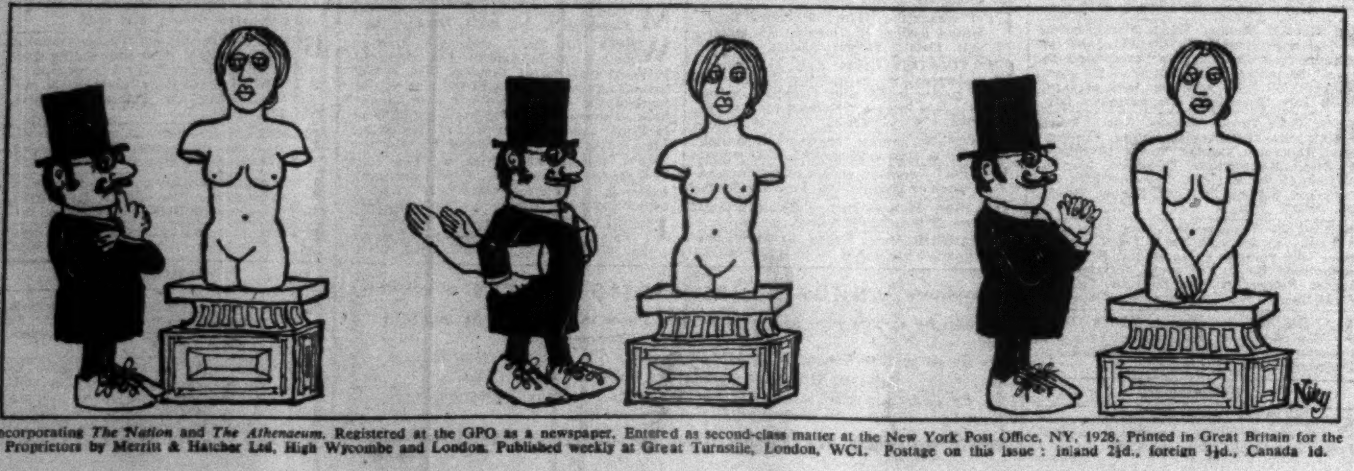
LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SHORT Course in Operational Research. The London School of Economics and Political Science will hold a further Course in Operational Research from 18 to 29 September 1961 for graduates or persons with equivalent qualifications and suitable experience. The non-residential fee is £50. Particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Registrar, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2. The last date for the return of completed application forms is 22 August.

LANGUAGES. Holborn College of Law, Languages & Commerce, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Intensive 1 yr full-time courses in (a) Spanish, French and Russian, (b) Russian. Part-time courses in 26 languages, including French and German technical translation, French for Interpreters, Chinese and Russian for scientists and technologists. Portuguese for business personnel. Swahili, Yoruba, Arabic, Hindi, Japanese and Chinese. Intensive 3-evening a week courses in the main European languages. Audio-Visual French course. Details from the Secretary, (EO/N/1451/5). Holborn College, Princeton Street, WC1.

TRAINING Centre for Education and allied arts in the method of Rudolf Steiner. One or two year Course commences October. For prospectus write: Secretary, Michael Hall, Forest Row, Sussex.

COURSES etc.—contd on p.1027



Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 3½d., Canada 1d.